THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser.
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Sunday, April 25, 1937

Beauty and the Beast

Ancient Myths Interpreted by Edmund Dulac

THE MAID AND THE UNICORN—

ONE sensitive variation of the "Beauty and the Beast" tale is the old fable of the unicorn, the medieval conception of which is shown here. This marvelous animal, much like the noblest horse in appearance, was supposed to have a single horn growing from its forehead. Although swift as the wind, the creature would sometimes turn and kill the most skillful hunters, for it could fence with its horn as if with a sword.

But because its horn was said to make poisons harmless and have other magical uses, many continued to hunt the unicorn. Unfortunately for it, virgins were its one great weakness, and at their hands it became a gentle pet. When this was found out, a virgin was sent to subdue the unicorn. As soon as it lay, head in her lap, asleep, she signaled the hunters, who captured it.

How People "Look" To The Blind Sculpture Pupils

"Longing," a Statue by a Blind Sculptor 14 Years Old. The Unnaturally Large Hands Are Meant to Express Intensity of Desire.

"The Victor." The Blind Artist Gave the Clay Image a High Forehead to Denote Supremacy and Satisfaction.

A 14-Year-Old Boy Conceived This Symbol of "Fatigue" and Unconsciously Followed the Rodin Technique.

A Girl's Conception of a "Martyr." By a Coincidence It Resembles Very Closely an Early Gothic Head of the Saviour.

"Sorrowing Odin," by a Child Sculptor Who Never Saw Light. The Huge Head Is the Artist's Way of Expressing the Burden of Grief.

VIENNA.

THE strange clay figures and heads shown on this page are not the work of crude artists who tried to express themselves thousands of years ago, nor of primitive tribesmen lacking the formal training of the modern art school. They are the work of a class of blind boys and girls who live in, or near, the Austrian capital. Artists and psychologists all over the world are finding the creations of these sightless youngsters remarkable. These statues, they say, are not copies of other works of art; they are genuinely "emotional, honest and primitive."

The figure at the extreme left of the page is called "Longing," and, according to Dr. Victor Lowenfeld, instructor of the blind sculptors, has extraordinarily big hands because these are the natural parts of the anatomy to most simply express the intensity of desire.

In the clay face beside the statue of the accentuated forehead the young artist, not yet sixteen years old, was doing his idea of "The Victor." The elongated brow is intended to convey the idea of mental supremacy.

The figure in the center of the page is called "Fatigue," and is the work of a fourteen-year-old boy who never has looked upon a living thing. The drooping head, the slack mouth, the relaxed hands, the closed eyes express in a dramatic, if primitive manner, a plain picture of physical weariness.

More than one eminent sculptor was struck by the resemblance of the head—the second object from the right of the page—to a medieval portrait of the sorrowing Saviour.

The statue at the extreme right of the page is a blind boy's idea of the Germanic god Odin in a sad mood. The weight of his sadness is simply shown by a head much too large for the mythical god's body.

The Odd-Shoe Exchange

NOWHERE else in the country is there a "shop" quite like the so-called Odd Shoe Exchange in St. Louis, but it is likely that other cities and towns will adopt the idea because it is such a convenience to people unfortunate enough to have only one leg, or feet which don't match.

The young women shown in the photograph at the right are in the quarters of the "exchange" swapping shoes. Both are victims of infantile paralysis and wear shoes of different sizes. By trading, each managed to get a shoe which fitted her crippled foot.

The enterprise started in an interesting way when Mrs. N. M. Windsor, president of the Child Conservation Conference, broadcast an offer to give away, to someone who could use it, one of a pair of shoes bought for a one-legged boy. So many requests came in for the single shoe that Mrs. Windsor decided to collect and distribute odd shoes for the benefit of people who, because of accident or disease, have only one leg or feet which can't be properly fitted with shoes that are mates.

In St. Louis, as in many other cities, there are many citizens who have deformed feet requiring specially made shoes. Not all of these people find it easy to pay the cost of such shoes. The Odd Shoe Exchange has turned out to be a place where they often can find exactly what they need and, in return, leave one or more shoes which solve the problem of some other patron of the place.

Several St. Louis citizens who go in for philanthropy have visited the "exchange" to acquaint themselves with the work of the organization and to find out how they can contribute to the comfort of boys and girls, and adults, who are handicapped by deformed feet. Their help has provided many shoes for people who were unable to get proper footwear for themselves or who were finding the purchase of special shoes a heavy financial burden.

The Odd Shoe Exchange is operated in a way to spare crippled people any embarrassment. To its founders and its patrons it is a service outfit, and not at all a permanent rummage sale dealing in cast-off articles.

WIDE WORLD

Two Youthful Victims of Infantile Paralysis Exchanging Odd Shoes. The Shoe That One Can't Wear, Fits the Other and Vice Versa, and Hence the Success of the St. Louis Exchange.

Why Bride's Biscuits are Tough

UNCLE SAM'S experts in homemaking may, or may not, have been inspired by the old joke about brides' biscuits to go into their laboratory kitchens and find out why inexperience so often produces biscuits which are much less tender and tasty than the "kind mother used to make."

Anyway the Government authorities heading the Bureau of Home Economics went into a huddle, their experimenters went into the kitchen with a lot of flour, baking powder, salt and other ingredients—and found out a lot about the proper way to make biscuits. The findings of the scientific cooks will be sent all over the country and, if the accompanying rules are carefully followed, even the least domestic of housewives should be able to bake biscuits to tickle their husbands' palates.

It was found that the most common error of women in throwing together a batch of biscuits is too much kneading of dough. It is long been supposed that a thorough working of the dough is essential to light and feathery biscuits. This, apparently, is a myth. Too much kneading has a tendency to give the finished product that bullet-like consistency which the funny-men of the stage and radio have made the point of many a joke.

The experimenting cooks advise as little handling of the dough as possible. Don't knead and knead the stuff, they say. Just stir the ingredients enough to moisten the mass and then drop the dough on a baking sheet, or in a pan, and let the fire do the rest. An oven at 450 degrees seemed to be about right.

If a bride would surprise her spouse and, the very first time, serve him biscuits that compare favorably with the best that "mother used to make" she should take three cups of sifted flour, four teaspoons of baking powder, a teaspoon of salt, six teaspoons of fat and about a cup of milk. Fifteen or eighteen strokes of kneading is enough. More manipulation of the dough makes the biscuits close-grained and tough.

Folding and rolling the dough a time or two begets flakier biscuits than a lot of kneading, a point which should appeal to brides who don't aspire to spend much of their time in the kitchen

Europe's Tallest Woman, Who Eats 17 Pounds of Food a Day, To Wed the Little Clown

BUDAPEST.

THE lethal darts of Cupid bring about some strange unions, but the little God of Love was in an especially whimsical mood when he saw to it that a giantess who goes by the name of Griselda, and one Mr. Rigolo, a circus clown, felt the so-called tender emotion for one another.

When Griselda was a schoolgirl in her early teens, certain of her ductless glands began to kick up in an abnormal manner and she stretched upward and outward amazingly. She grew three or four inches a year and her folks, despite all the doctors they called in to treat their daughter, had to stand helplessly by and watch her develop into a freak. They were not overly prosperous and found it quite a problem to provide the girl with enough food to satisfy her mounting appetite.

Some years ago, when she was pushing seven feet, Griselda ran away from the farm on which she was born and raised because, as she later explained, she just had to get more to eat than the humble board of her folks supplied. She did not blame them at all. On the contrary she admitted that they often went without themselves in order for her to have more.

Anyway she found herself a job traveling about with a small circus and was careful to see that her contract called for all the food she wanted. One physician who examined her, in the interest of science, estimated that a "normal" day's meals for the giantess would be about 17 pounds of assorted edibles, including a serving of steak, or roast, that would be more than enough for three ordinary mortals.

It wasn't until she made the acquaintance of Mr. Rigolo that Griselda gave much thought to romance. It was her notion that, being of monstrous proportions, no man would want to provide for her and protect her. "Then, too," she said, "I never imagined that any man would fall in love with me because, wherever we went together, he would seem a pigmy and everybody would stare at us."

But Mr. Rigolo, as he himself explains, never thinks of his fiancee as a freak. "I don't see," he argues, "what size has to do with romance. The first time I talked with Griselda I felt that strange excitement which is love. To me she seemed beautiful and charming. Her height and her bulk were forgotten in the depth of my emotional feeling for her."

The feeling must have been mutual for, when the clown proposed, the giantess was quick to say "yes" and grabbed him up in her powerful hands to plant a kiss on his patty nose. "When he asked me to marry him," she said, "I forgot completely that there is a great difference in our size. I only knew that I was excited and happy and that I was looking forward to marriage, as any other girl does."

Griselda and her fiance don't expect to settle down in a little cottage by the sea, or anything like that, for many years. They expect to stay in show business and save their money against the day when they can retire and devote their lives to making one another happy. At the moment the giantess makes more money than her husband-to-be because he is no Grock, commanding thousands of dollars for his comic antics, and she is an attraction which people travel miles to see. But he is an able clown and is laying something by every month for the days when they will quit amusing the public and settle down.

When Griselda and the clown walk to the altar—and they'll make a strangely assorted couple—they won't be the first curious pair to go in for double-hitch. Not long ago a church in Torino, Italy, was the setting for a wedding for which thousands of curious spectators turned out. The bridegroom was one Almiro Crema, a giant of a man towering more than eight feet. The smiling bride, Miss Teresina, was under five feet tall, but weighed 400 pounds. She was the fat lady in the traveling show in which her spouse was billed as "the world's tallest human." The best man at the ceremony was a midget, which the bridegroom carried into the church in one of his ham-like hands.

Now and then there are weddings in the United States which bring the cameramen and reporters on the run because of the great difference in the size of the principals. Some years ago there was such a romance in Kansas City when Clifford Askins, a strapping fellow of six feet, two inches, became the husband of Mary Venora, in show business as Princess Vee. The Princess was a dwarf, measuring only three feet, three inches. Askins made his bow when both of them were touring the country with the 101 Ranch show as a sideshow attraction and was a harnessmaker.

Then there was the more recent case of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mullins, who were made man and wife in Springfield, Missouri. Although they were the same age—twenty-two years old—the difference between them was amazing. Mr. Mullins towered seven feet nine inches above ground, and his bride was a normal member of the fair sex just five feet three inches in height.

These couples, too, said that they couldn't see what size has to do with love and marriage. Like Griselda's husband-to-be, their affection made them overlook the great difference in their physical proportions and they looked forward to happy lives together, resigned to the fact that, wherever they went, people would stare at them.

Griselda never has felt quite right about running away from home, and it is her hope that she can go back to the little farm community where she was born and raised when she and her boy friend can get enough time off to be married and enjoy a honeymoon away from their traveling show.

Her parents are still living on their small peasant farm. But they do not find conditions as hard as they used to, because their big girl frequently sends home some of her earnings.

PHOTO'S PICTURES INC

Griselda, the Happy Bride-to-Be, With Her Fiance, Who Seems, Beside Her, to Be a Mere Boy.

Here's Griselda Getting Her Dinner Ready, and on the Table Are the Required 17 Pounds of Fruit and Groceries Which Last Her Just One Day.

Mr. Rigolo Being Carried About Like a Baby by His Devoted Fiancee, Who, Their Friends Say, Will Probably Have Little Trouble Being the Boss.

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But This Time Mother Didn't "Know Best"

Rich Mrs. Cudahy Thought Her Young Son Mike Would Not Be Susceptible to Women After Familiarity With All the Beauties of Hollywood---but Two Divorce Suits and Other Headaches Show That the Cure Isn't Working Very Well

Mrs. Mike Cudahy No. 2, Who Was Mary Jacklyn Borax (Jacqueline Roth), Also a Dancer—The Latest Failure in Mama Cudahy's Experiment.

Marie Astaire, with Whom Mike Went on an Unsuccessful "Elopement Marathon," Making Mama Cudahy Frantic Because Her Plan Was going Awry.

More Evidence of Failure—Mama's Boy Mike Behind the Bars for Reckless Driving After the Thwarted Elopement.

Mrs. J. P. Cudahy, Whose Strange Experiment May Have Been Prompted by Her Own Domestic Turmoil.

Mrs. Mike Cudahy No. 1, Who Was Muriel Evans, a Dancer—the First Major Error in Mama Cudahy's Effort to Make Mike Immune to Feminine Charms.

"MOTHER knows best," is a gentle admonition familiar to childish ears, but it seems that Mama Edna Cudahy didn't know best when she thought up an ingenious scheme to cure her boy Michael John Patrick Cudahy, heir to the meat-packing fortune, of being too susceptible to feminine beauty. She thought that in Hollywood he would quickly be surfeited by so much beauty. But after two actress wives, two divorces and lots of other headaches, there is no visible sign of improvement. It was merry medicine.

When Mrs. Cudahy first announced the great idea some of her friends feared it was a bit like sending the boy to the pest house to avoid catching smallpox. But the widow of impulsive Jack Cudahy, Chicago meat multimillionaire, said that was not the principle at all. She had heard that young people who get jobs in candy stores gorge themselves sick a few times and then never want sweets again.

If it is necessary for a wild young man to sow a certain amount of wild oats before he becomes a rational person, where could this process be gotten over with more quickly than in the world's beauty capital? Once Mike had a surfeit of mere beauty he would perhaps become interested in some nice girl's character rather than her legs or face. Faces get wrinkled and flabby, legs become fat and full of blue veins in the hocks but character can, and sometimes does, grow more beautiful with age.

Mrs. Cudahy's worst worry was to keep her boy from inadvertently getting married every time she let him out of her sight. There is said to be safety in numbers and, in Hollywood, every time a raving beauty would start to work inducing Mike to make the supreme sacrifice of his freedom at the altar, he would be constantly diverted by a parade of other beauties. This should cause him to make comparisons, be fastidious and develop resistance.

It seemed logical but love and logic must have been divorced in prehistoric times.

Mrs. Cudahy moved to Hollywood, bought her son the biggest and flashiest racing car on the coast, gave him a princely allowance and told him to go out and get familiar with all the girls because, as everyone knows, "familiarity breeds contempt." Nobody denies that the young patient cooperated enthusiastically in the cure, breaking out in such a rash of wild oats that it almost startled the town.

The experiment seemed to be a grand success. He was flitting from flower to flower so fast that everyone agreed it would not last long at this rate and each girl had about as much time to marry him as she would the engineer of a train stopping at a flag station. Then came what the mother recognized as an ominous symptom. Someone informed her that Mike had suddenly decided never to be a playboy again but to settle down to a serious worthwhile life.

"Who is she?" cried Mrs. Cudahy. "Who is the girl who is going to settle him down?"

Quick investigation showed that it was Marie Astaire, wistful film beauty, and their intentions against each other were dead serious. In his racing car Mike dashed from one license clerk to another. But fast as they traveled, Mrs. Cudahy was faster on the telephone with her warning that the big boy was under age and did not have his parent's consent. Finally she had him put away for safekeeping overnight in the Santa Barbara Jail. Next morning every license clerk West of the Rockies had read about it, making it safe to let Mike out.

Like his father, if the youth could not get what he wanted then and there he promptly lost interest. So he quickly forgot all about Marie. Rebounding from this disappointment, Miss Astaire went into a hasty and "kissless" marriage with a New York stock broker which had to be annulled. Marie's dropping out of the picture did not help the mother's worries much, because her boy transferred his affections in quick succession to two other film celebrities, one of whom Mrs. Cudahy described as "a vulgarian with a newsboy voice." The other she did not describe but decreed would not do, "because I say so."

The wealthy widow parried both these matrimonial thrusts but they were promptly followed by another, Muriel Evans, movie actress and dancer. Mrs. Cudahy frustrated two elopements, the second time having her son chaperoned back from Yuma, Arizona by two deputy sheriffs. The mother realized that this serious-intentions cycle would go on indefinitely until perhaps cured by his marrying somebody. Also he would be of age soon and then she would have no legal voice in the selection.

So Mama sent for Muriel, couldn't see much wrong with the trim beauty and in the words of the famous song, sighed:

"Poor John! Poor John!"

However, she added:

"I guess it might as well be you."

Before the great personage could change her mind the couple dashed out, were married and Mike promised to settle down forever. This was July 6, 1929, and "forever" lasted just two weeks when he was arrested for driving while intoxicated after crashing into a parked car. His bride wept in court and said he had been with her all the time and hadn't taken even one little drink. The arresting officers told a different story, but the jury evidently decided it would be a cruel and unusual form of punishment to break up the honeymoon by sending him to jail, and recommended that instead he pay the maximum fine of $5,000, which he did, with five crisp $1,000 bills, flipping them off his bankroll as carelessly as if he were dealing off five cards in a poker game.

For the next six months Mike was out of town and out of the news undergoing another of his mother's ingenious cures. He was in Europe, as his mother explained, "drinking only pure liquor and learning to drink it as a gentleman should." It was almost, but not quite, a good idea. The young man came back from Europe looking in the finest of health, but the first thing he did was demonstrate how he could drink like a gentleman.

Unfortunately the demonstration was made with prohibition liquor full of creosote, which is not good for gentlemen. With legs paralyzed he was carried away to a hospital where he almost died.

The six months of gentlemanly drinking had been done without the company of his wife who thought she ought to have been doing some lady-like imbibing at his side. Soon after he recovered from the temporary paralysis caused by the poisoned American liquor she filed a divorce suit, charging him with nagging her and continually breaking engagements for no good reason. Muriel got her interlocutory decree in October, 1930, but a month later they were reconciled, and at the time Mama Cudahy, who apparently had a lot to do with bringing them back together, said: "I'm very happy and they are happy, too."

Muriel said: "It was a case of 'if we can't be sweethearts, let's be friends,' and now it's 'if we're friends, let's be sweethearts.'"

But they were not happy, either as sweethearts or friends very long, and in November, 1931, Muriel got her final decree. About a year later her lawyer sued Mike for $1,855, claiming young Cudahy had agreed to pay her attorney's fees for the divorce.

Mike lasted a year and eight months unwed and his mother was getting quite encouraged about her experiment when he married dark-haired Mary Jacklyn Borax, twenty-two-year-old film dancer who naturally couldn't use the name Borax on the screen, even in the interest of clean movies, and so was known as Jacqueline Roth.

She also won her mother-in-law's consent in advance and pleased that lady by insisting that the wedding must be a quiet little affair "without any horrid publicity." To achieve this they sneaked over to the Beverly Hills courthouse, and probably would have succeeded if they had not done their "sneaking" in a limousine of such sumptuous gorgeousness that even Beverly Hills, accustomed to the motor luxury of the film stars, blinked and had to find out what "billionaire" this could be and what were they doing to him in the courthouse.

This time Mike managed to stay married almost three years, though most of it not very happily. In 1935 Ethel Mary Blackler of Chicago filed two suits against the playboy for $200,000, alleging that he was the father of her two-year-old child. There were chuckles at the playboy's virtuous indignation.

"Who is this Mary Blackler?" he demanded. "I never heard of her and I haven't been in Chicago for years."

When the suit was called Mary put in no appearance and it was dismissed. Mary was honest enough, it seems, only she had loved not wisely but too well, some unscrupulous man who masqueraded as Mike. Before that he was cited as co-respondent in a divorce brought against Marguerite Daggett by John S. Daggett, known on the radio as "Uncle John." The Daggett maid testified that one evening during the master's absence she went out into the patio and looking through a window into a remote room of the house saw an intimate love scene between Mike and Marguerite. But that case fell through.

Mike's second attempt at matrimony really ended about a year ago when he came into a Malibu Beach inn and found the second Mrs. Mike there with a strange man. It was perhaps pardonable curiosity for a husband to ask the gentleman's name, but Jacklyn didn't like his tone and told him it was none of his business. Mr. Cudahy's reply was to take a swing at his wife's face and miss, followed by one at her escort which almost knocked his head off.

That was her story. In court Mike added a few details. He said that his wife was trying to choke him with his own necktie and that he had to slap her a bit to prevent being hanged in public. The escort had called him names until the meat scion socked him into silence.

Mary Jacklyn Borax Cudahy sued for separate maintenance, charging that her husband humiliated her by public scoldings, went to night clubs without her, displayed an ungovernable temper and was generally defective as a husband.

Mike countered with a divorce suit, saying that Mary had a habit of slapping him and smashing valuable glassware in order to have the last word in argument. Then came the little matter of temporary alimony. Mary said she couldn't possibly live decently on less than $850 a month. She itemized her bare necessities as follows:

Rent, $150; food, $150; clothes, $125; automobile, $85; medical expense, $100; maid, $50; cosmetics and sundries, $40; travel, $75; entertainment, $75.

For a dancer $150 seemed a lot of food to eat but it probably took the $100 worth of medical expense to keep it from spoiling her figure.

Up jumped young Cudahy with figures. His income he said was only $900 a month. Take $850 from that, or rather please don't take it, he pleaded, and there would be only $50 left.

And then there were his debts.

"They are debts of honor, Your Honor," he told Superior Judge Dudley S. Valentine. "And a gentleman doesn't take advantage of the statute of limitation to avoid his obligations. I even owe an attorney a fee for getting my first wife her divorce and my telephone bill—they've taken the phone out."

Mary came back by saying that he was spending $50 to $75 a month for beer alone and was going to give an estimate on whisky when the judge said he wasn't interested. The court granted her $300 a month on which she admitted it might be possible to keep her body and soul together.

So just the other day the lawyers for the poor, little rich boy went into a huddle with Mary's lawyers and it was decided that Mrs. Mike would get a divorce unopposed. Also Mr. Cudahy suddenly found means to make a property settlement, guaranteeing his wife $250 a month for life.

The widow Cudahy's life was ruined when her impulsive husband, finding his banker friend, Jere Lillis, in the house with Mrs. Cudahy, assumed the worst. With the aid of the family chauffeur he stabbed and mutilated Lillis, who later recovered. Mrs. Cudahy divorced her husband who then investigated the matter, decided nothing was wrong and induced Mrs. Cudahy to remarry him. This made Mr. Lillis feel very foolish.

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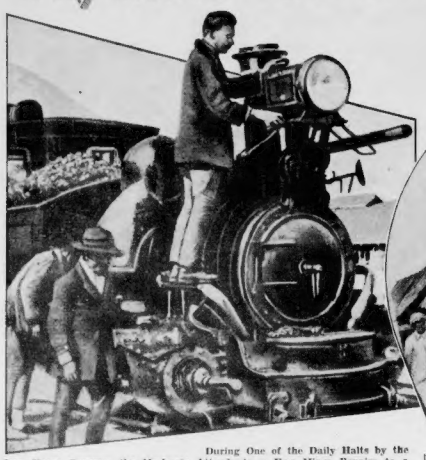
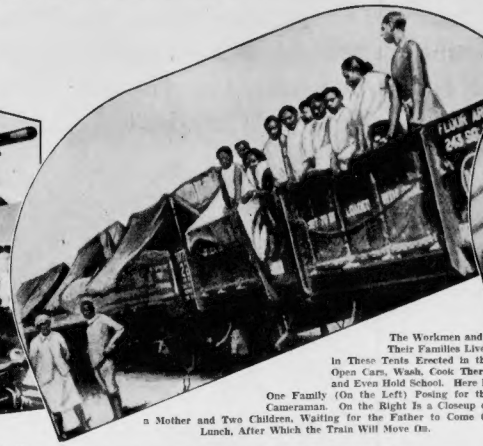
Why The Hindu Families Must Move Their Homes Every Day



During One of the Daily Halts by the Iron Horse Caravan, the Mechanic Attends to a Few Minor Repairs to a Locomotive That Is Even More Ancient Than It Appears. Others of the Traveling Group Stretch Their Legs.



The Workmen and Their Families Live in These Tents Erected in the Open Cars, Wash, Cook There, and Even Hold School. Here Is One Family (On the Left) Posing for the Cameraman. On the Right Is a Closeup of a Mother and Two Children, Waiting for the Father to Come to Lunch, After Which the Train Will Move On.

INDIA is such a vast country and its network of railroads spread over such a great stretch of jungle, mountain, and plain, that the bosses of the system have had to resort to a curious and interesting method of keeping the lines in repair.

It was found, years ago, that section crews, such as patrol railroads in this country and in European nations, just couldn't handle the situation. In the first place, there would have to be thousands of such gangs and the expense of keeping them on the payroll was exorbitant. So it was decided to have several inspection and repair trains, complete with engineers, firemen, straw bosses and laborers who would live on the trains and take their families, if any, along with them.

As the photographs on this page show, the traveling trains of India are far from luxurious affairs. Mostly they are made up of gondolas and flat cars of the sort that carry coal, lumber and other freight over the rails.

The Hindu workmen, who seldom stay long in one place and may travel thousands of miles in a month, occupy tents erected on the gondolas and flat cars. Their wives and children go where they go, cook for them, wash their clothes and don't know what it means to settle down in one spot.

Many of the youngsters were born on the trains and never have been inside a dwelling. What little education they get is imparted to them as they puff through the jungle or across the great open spaces of the Indian plains.

The workers and their menages get around and see things, but they find little free time to stop off and go sightseeing on the ground. When the train is sent to some spot where work is to be done, the laborers fall to with picks, shovels and crowbars and finish the job as quickly as possible in order to be ready to hustle off somewhere else, perhaps hundreds of miles away. While they are at work the women and children alight from the cars and stretch their legs. If they are near a village, or a town, they may take a look at the shops and the residential section.

Some of the roving section hands were born into their strange jobs, being the sons of men who did the same sort of work before them. And many of the wives who roll all over the sprawling country were born on flat cars, too, and grew up to marry some of these men who, all their lives, have been on the go.

Paris' New Maritime Night Club

FRANCE may be, and is, going through a bad period of political unrest and an uneasy feeling that the day isn't far distant when the rumble of guns and the roar of airplanes will again shake a country that isn't yet recovered from the World War. But Paris never lets down in its gayety and prides itself on being the playground for the thousands of visitors who go there every year to have a high old time for themselves.

The nightclubs of Paris are as much a part of the city's life as the salons of the fashion czars, the studios in the Latin Quarter and the constant movement of troops, parading to and from the forts and camps where they are keeping in trim for the trouble which seems to impend.

The owners of these bright spots are men of facile imagination. They have long since learned that the francs roll in heaviest when the setting is unusual, the girls pretty and not over-dressed, the food and wine good. Setting is most important and the boys are always trying to outdo each other. One of the newest and most popular of the "hot spots" of the French capital is a maritime club which is, in honor of the country's queen of the seas, is called the Normandie.

This cabaret, as the photograph at the right shows, spectacularly lives up to its name. The room in which guests dine, wine and dance between floor shows, is fixed up like the deck of a ship and the best theatrical set builders in Paris were called in to do the job. Beyond the rails of the earthbound craft are walls painted blue and so lighted that the illusion of being at sea is perfect.

Rising from the floor to the ceiling of the club are two masts, stout spars with rigging and crosstrees. These are not entirely for effect. They are used by a troupe of pretty acrobats who, twice nightly, go aloft and do thrilling stunts in the rigging. The picture shows one fair acrobat climbing aloft over the heads of the customers who enjoy her act the more when they are well filled with cocktails, highballs, or good French wine.

The "quarter deck," which can be seen behind the shapely member of the club's crew, is also an effective part of the props and the orchestra sits there, dressed in sea-going outfits. The boss of the show is gotten up in the blue uniform of a ship's officer, with plenty of gold braid on his coat sleeves and his trim-fitting cap. Once in awhile he orders a wind machine in the background turned on to give the effect of a sea breeze or a gale.

The customers like such tricks.

Named for the Steamship Normandie, Paris' Newest Night Club Is Decorated to Look Like an Ocean Liner, but the Crew Is All Female, and Here Is One of the Pretty "Sailors" Posing While Climbing Aloft on the Rigging, While the Patrons Admire Her Agility.

Would Limit Love to Earners

IF Professor Guillermo Hall, of Boston University, is right in his ideas about love, then the marriage bond is only for those who can afford it. In other words, marriage is an institution that works out best for earners who have the means to buy the necessities and some of the luxuries of life.

The professor is an expert in that field of education known as Social Science. He talks seriously to his pupils trying to impress them with the common sense of looking the facts of life squarely in the face. He warns them, especially the girls, against trying to mix love with learning.

"College girls," according to this scholar, "mature earlier than girls who don't go in for formal education. To the average college girl, her male classmates appear somewhat callow and immature."

In this situation, according to the professor, there is danger to the boys. They serve only as stop gaps and a romantic convenience until the girl students find the men they want to marry and settle down with.

Whether the young men at Boston University recognize their status—or whether they disagree with the professor—is not a matter of record. They seem to be content to go on dating their co-ed seekers after knowledge whether they are playing the role of stop-gap or not. There is some suspicion that they agree entirely with the sociologist's expressed opinion about college life and marriage and are satisfied with the scheme of things as it is.

In talking over his interesting views, which hold that a wedding ring stays on tightest and most pleasantly when it is accompanied by a bank book and a job, Professor Hall said, "During college years, the male students are good material for the girls to practice on. If the boys don't recognize this, and allow themselves to get seriously in love—well, then they are asking for trouble. A college boy, who is applying himself to the business of absorbing education and culture, ought to have sense enough to know that he isn't ready for deep sentimental and domestic attachments and that he won't be ready for some years."

The Boston University teacher is not alone in such ideas. During the past few years several prominent educators have urged students to stick to their books in college and not waste precious time in making the campus a place for romantic antics, including marriage.

In Recent Weeks Three or Four Tall Men Have Claimed to Possess the Greatest Height. The Latest Is the Finn, Mylliriinne, Who Claims to Reach the Dizzy Loftiness of 8 Feet, 5 Inches. Compare His Height to the Young Women in the Photograph.

Just Who is the World's Tallest Man?

EVERY now and then people going to the vaudeville theatre, or the circus, are introduced to "the tallest man on earth" and most of them believe the spiel of the barker. It seems, however, that the question of just which living male towers highest above the ground is not yet settled and won't be settled until a survey of the world has been made and all the extraordinarily elongated men accurately measured.

The other day Londoners were surprised to find, in their midst, a visitor from Finland—the fellow shown in the photograph at the left. He goes by the rather feminine-sounding name of Mylliriinne. According to the newspaper accounts of this traveler he thinks that he is taller than any other man anywhere and lays claim to being some eight feet, five inches tall—which is plenty tall, in any land.

But has he a clear title to the claim? That is the question that can't conclusively be answered until the aspirants elsewhere in Europe, in Asia, Africa and on the Western Hemisphere, and even in Australia and on the islands of the seas, have been investigated and subjected to the measuring stick.

There are rumors that one tribe of natives in the depths of the African jungles run, man for man, between seven and nine feet tall, and other tales from a group of isolated islands in the mid-Pacific of living giants which have been seen by only very few intrepid travelers.

But, more important, there are several tall men who are well known to theatre and circus audiences who might dispute the claim of the Finnish giant.

This country has two men who may top the Finn. One of them is Jack Earle, familiar to folks who like to look at the freaks in the circus, and Robert Wadlow, the boy giant of Alton, Illinois. Some time ago Mr. Earle had stretched out to the incredible length of eight feet, three inches, and it wasn't certain at that time that he had stopped growing.

Wadlow measured eight feet, seven inches on his nineteenth birthday, and physicians who have studied his peculiar case of glandular maladjustment are certain that he will grow taller than that before he attains his full growth. One authority in such matters estimated that the Illinois giant might tower nine feet in the air by the time he is old enough to vote.

Either Earle or Wadlow, if they could get together with Mylliriinne and an expert with a steel tape measure, should stalk away with the tallman championship. Mr. Earle is a bit on the thin side for a giant and, when he was scaled at eight feet, three, weighed only 305 pounds. Mr. Wadlow, a studious young fellow who wears a pair of specially made spectacles, is closer to the proper weight for his length, and weighs 450 pounds.

Wadlow finds life something of a problem, what with the home of his parents and every other building he goes into made for the convenience of ordinary mortals. His head just misses the high ceilings in his home and, of course, he has to sleep in a specially made bed.

When he sits down to breakfast he thinks nothing of consuming a whole package of cereal, a quart of orange juice, eight boiled eggs, a dozen slices of buttered toast, a pint jar of apple jelly and five cups of coffee. He would like about ten cups, but his mother, keeping a careful eye on his health, won't hear of that. Once, she says, he went into a lunch wagon and drank seventeen cups.

It might be a clever and profitable stunt for some promoter of such events to arrange a sort of international convention of living giants and settle, once and for all, who is the world's tallest man. Perhaps none of the widely publicized contenders would come away with the crown and that, in some obscure part of the world, there's a real-life Gulliver beside whom average people look like Lilliputians.

From the best available information, however, it seems that young Mr. Wadlow of Illinois tops us all.

Whether the Cat Wanted a Drink or Merely to Wash His Paws, He Found a Friend in Need in a London Park, Just as the Wandering Photographer Happened By to Record the Amusing Incident Pictured Above.

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Why Your Face Is Pretty—Or It Isn't

Mrs. Roosevelt's Frank Statement That Even as a Child the Family Worried About Her Looks Brings to Light the Curious Laws of Inheritance as Unmasked by Science

Lady Diana Manners, English Beauty, and Her Father and Mother. Lady Diana's Neck Is Shorter Than That of Either Parent.

The Former Duchess of Marlborough (Consuelo Vanderbilt), Whose Mouth Came From Her Mother and Her Ears From Her Father, Both Parents Pictured Beside Her, but Her Long Neck From a New Combination of Hereditary Factors.

Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante's Huge and Profitable Nose, Product of a Complex Evolutionary Process.

The Gigantic Mouth of Martha Raye, Popular Singing Comedienne, for Which Science Can Now Account.

A Recent Photograph of Mrs. Roosevelt, Who Says Her Mother Was "Always a Little Troubled by My Lack of Beauty."

IN MRS. ROOSEVELT'S autobiography, a book which will soon be published by Harpers, the President's wife says, with perfect frankness:

"My mother was always a little troubled by my lack of beauty. She tried very hard to bring me up so well that my manners would in some way compensate for my looks."

She says her mother was a beauty, and her father "good-looking." Where, then, did Mrs. Roosevelt get those features which she says distressed her mother even as a child? Science can answer that question. The huge nose of Jimmy Durante which looks something like a sea-elephant's beak, or the gigantic mouth of Martha Raye, or the lovely features of the late Lillian Russell are not an accident. They are planned in advance by Nature and determined by laws of inheritance even before the baby is born.

Occasionally Papa's nose or Mamma's eye-color can be identified in the youngster, but more often not. A person born with a long nose or an enormous mouth or with a face that gave no promise of beauty, as Mrs. Roosevelt says hers was as a child, may spend a lifetime wondering how it all happened—and never find out.

Nature's machinery provides both for likeness and for variation between the generations, and this complicated law of heredity accounts for any kind of face that has turned up yet either in society picture galleries or in the rogues' gallery. It explains why a criminal may have an "angel face" or a worthy clergyman may look like a crook.

If either likeness or variation had been omitted from Nature's plan, the world would be a very different place. No likeness between the generations would mean that offspring of one kind of animal might be a totally different kind, or something entirely new. All the history of evolution depends on the fact that each generation is almost the same as the previous one.

But some change also is necessary if evolution is to go on at all. Otherwise, all the boys and girls would be exact duplicates of their Papas and Mammas. There would be only two kinds of people in all the world; little duplicates of Adam and little duplicates of Eve, like the innumerable exactly similar copies of Pop-Eye the Sailor or Mickey Mouse. And a tiresome looking bunch of humanity mankind would be.

Biologists now believe that they know most of the necessary details about just how a reasonable amount of likeness, but not too precise likeness, is transmitted from one generation to the next one. This recently-discovered machinery, able to account not only for evolution but for babies' faces and how they grow up, science owes chiefly to a distinguished American biologist, Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan, now of the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena. Science calls it the gene theory, and people who do not like the faces they have can blame it all on Professor Morgan's genes.

A gene is a minute speck of living matter, too small for the naked eye to see, which carries inherited qualities.

Some of each person's genes come, as will be made clear later on in this article, from the mother's side of the family. Others come from Papa's side. Both sets are mixed and blended in the son or daughter; sometimes to duplicate features of one or the other parent, often to form an entirely new combination.

The picture printed on this page of the Duchess of Marlborough, born Consuelo Vanderbilt, illustrates both the origin of some features on each side of the family and the presence of other features that can be traced to neither side. Consuelo's mouth clearly resembles that of her mother, and has no resemblance to the father's. Her ears, on the other hand, belong to the father's side of the family, as probably also is true of the shape of her chin. Her nose is one feature the origin of which is mysterious, for its shape does not seem to be represented, even remotely, in the noses of either parent.

More notable still is the feature for which the Duchess long has been famous among beauties—her unusually long but symmetrical and beautiful neck. Certainly no trace of this feature can be discerned in her mother, Mrs. Vanderbilt, whose neck was even shorter than the average and whose figure perhaps might be described as dumpy. Neither is there any indication of an especially long neck in Consuelo's father, Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt. Some new gene combination, present in neither of the parents, must have been responsible for this.

Another interesting feature which Consuelo evidently did not inherit from either parent is her eyebrows. A distinguished Czecho-Slovakian anthropologist, Professor V. Suk of Masaryk University, is authority for the idea that the shape of the eyebrows is among the things most definitely inherited.

According to his theories, which were discussed some time ago in The American Weekly, two kinds of eyebrow shapes which are distinctly different in character and in inheritance are the tapering shape and the arched shape. In the tapering shape, the eyebrow is widest at the end near the center of the forehead and becomes narrower toward the sides. In the arched shape, the widest part is near each eyebrow's middle. Both Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt are seen from their photographs to have the tapering eyebrow shape. Their daughter has the arched one. Something in Consuelo's gene make-up evidently released a combination different from that which was effective in either of her parents.

Something of this kind presumably explains, also, cases of still more unusual development of one feature or another, such as Jimmy Durante's nose or Martha Raye's wide mouth.

Concerning mouths, for example, scientists consider there may be one gene that tends to produce narrow mouths, another that tends to produce wide ones. In most instances these genes are balanced more or less exactly against each other, so that the size of the mouth is moderate and corresponds more or less well with the size of other features. In a few people, however, the supposed wide-mouth gene may be missing altogether, leaving the narrow-mouth gene in control. This makes a person with an extremely small mouth, often much admired in women but calculated to be the dentist's despair.

In other instances, such as Martha Raye's, perhaps the small-mouth gene is missing, leaving the wide-mouth one in full control. In Martha's case it is a curious fact that she is a pretty girl in spite of that huge hole in her face.

The evidence obtained so far by the biologists indicates that a considerable number of individual genes probably cooperate in producing any such feature as a mouth, nose or a set of high cheekbones. Only the very simplest of human characteristics are "unit characters" probably controlled by individual genes. All of which provides still greater possibilities for Nature to shuffle the inheritance cards and deal out different combinations of genes from one generation to the next and thus produce new and sometimes strange combinations of human features.

The instance of the famous English beauty, Lady Diana Manners, also illustrated on this page, provides a condition the reverse, in one particular at least, of that of Consuelo Vanderbilt. Lady Diana is possessed of by no means a short neck, and certainly not an unattractive one, but it is distinctly less long than the neck of her mother, whose picture also is presented. In this instance, the daughter's neck may represent one of Nature's compromises between the relatively long one of the mother, the Duchess of Rutland, and the distinctly short one of her husband and Lady Diana's father, the Duke. As a whole, it may be that Lady Diana shows more resemblance to her father than to her mother but, from the standpoint of physiognomy alone, it would not be necessary to consider her related to either of them.

So far as necks are concerned, it undoubtedly is true that there exist certain gene combinations which tend to increase the length of the upper part of the body, including the neck. Other gene combinations tend to shorten this part of the body and often to increase at the same time, the length of arms and legs. Differences between these two types explain why it is that some people are short-barrelled and long-legged so that they are tall when standing up and short when sitting down. Other people are the exact reverse; short-limbed and long-barrelled, so that they seem like tall people when sitting but astonish observers by their shortness when they stand up.

As always, the gene combinations that produce such things may be carried over one generation to another without having visible effect in the person who carries them. It may be that Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt had in her gene composition the long-neck characteristic which appeared in her daughter, but that in the mother these genes were overcome and their effects suppressed by the influence of other genes which were more dominant. Biologists divide many of the unit-character genes which they have discovered into "dominant" ones and "recessive" ones—strong genes that take control and gentle genes that take a back seat.

When these two conflicting genes occur in the same bodily combination, the dominant one controls development and appearance, and the recessive one steps aside. The recessive one apparently disappears so far as that individual is concerned. But both persist and the recessive one may be inherited by the next generation and show its effect—mother may have a long neck, and daughter a short neck.

The gene combination which determines red hair has been found in the white race to be dominant over either blond hair or brunet hair. If a person happens to inherit both the red-haired gene and the blond-haired gene, that person ordinarily will be red-headed instead of blond.

Similarly Dr. Wilton M. Krogman of Western Reserve University, reported last year, in a list of human characteristics of the hair and head, that the gene combination producing broad heads tends to be dominant over those producing long or narrow heads. The gene combination for long faces is dominant over that for short faces. The combination for tallness is dominant over that for shortness, but curiously enough the genes which produce short arms or legs tend to be dominant over those producing long extremities.

Another fact reported by Dr. Krogman is that the genes producing the so-called "criminal ear," the lobe of which is fastened down tight to the side of the head instead of being more or less free, is another of the recessive genes. That is one reason why this characteristic is relatively rare in modern populations. Any individual possessing this gene is likely also to have the opposing gene, the combination resulting in non-appearance of the so-called criminal ear but development of an ordinary ear. The criminality notion is, of course, exploded, because it has been established by ample scientific evidence that this particular shape of ear has no more to do with criminality than any other shape.

Dark eyes are dominant over light eyes, long eyelashes over short eyelashes, thick lips over thin ones and, possibly with some relation to Jimmy Durante's case, large noses over small noses. Among males, Dr. Krogman reports that the bass voice is dominant over the tenor voice, while among women the reverse condition prevails, the soprano voice being dominant over the contralto.

All this is easily understandable when the mechanism of the gene theory is considered. Inside each living cell of a human body suitable microscopic methods will disclose some tiny granules of material a little harder, more dense

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Hearing More Important To Blind Than Touch

EDUCATORS of the blind have, up till now, made every effort to develop the sense of touch in their patients and pupils. Hyper-sensitive finger-tips were made to take the place of eyesight, as far as possible. Acute observation of touch sensations was trained to make up for the perception of light and color through the medium of sight. The Braille system of reading and writing for the blind depends upon the sense of touch, and so far no one has thought of training any other organ of perception to a high degree of sensitiveness with the purpose of supplanting defects of sight.

Dr. Friedrich Mansfeld, a physician of Vienna, who has been blind himself since the age of eight, has evolved a new theory and system of training for the blind. It is based on his observation that the sense of hearing, developing naturally to increased sensitiveness in the blind, can be used as an auxiliary sense to a far greater extent than the sense of touch. Dr. Mansfeld, who has been conducting his experiments under the auspices of Prof. Karl Buehler, noted psychologist of the Vienna University, says that a sense of calculating distances by sound, a sense of perspective, so to speak, develops easily in a blind man and still more easily in a child that has been born blind.

Materials all have their characteristic sounds: wool, metal, glass, stone, textiles, etc., echo approaching footsteps with a different effect on the ears in every case.

Dr. Mansfeld has trained himself and teaches his pupils to discern various materials by ear and thus obtain a "sound picture" of the surrounding world. A blind man, trained to observe according to Dr. Mansfeld's system may walk the streets without danger.

He will not only recognize the approach of automobiles, street cars, carriages, etc., and be able to judge their distance with accuracy enough to make him safe, but he will know in advance when he is getting near steel rails, be able to discern whether stone, glass or metal predominate in the building he is passing, or obtain a conception of the character of the landscape, whether forest, meadow, or garden, by dint of the sounds that materials emit, or, to be more

Equipped With the Faculty of Judging the Direction of Sounds, a Blind Person Can Sense the Approach of Vehicles and Walk Safely Across Traffic-Laden Streets.

accurate, of the sounds with which his footsteps are re-echoed.

Blind men, Dr. Mansfeld maintains, have a specially developed faculty of judging the direction from which sounds come. This also helps to make them safe amid street traffic. Another faculty latent and capable of development in the blind is that by which they can judge the distance of an object emitting or echoing sound. Blind men do not, Dr. Mansfeld says, gauge the relative strength of sound, but perceive, what he calls "Sendestaerke"—emission strength. This faculty may best be compared to a seeing man's conception of the size of an object. He has sufficient experience of perspective to judge the size of a building for instance, even if it appears quite small if seen at a distance. In the same way, Dr. Mansfeld explains, a blind man perceives the volume of sound emitted or echoed by a distant object, even though it comes to his ears quite faintly; and in this way he gets a conception of that object's size, material, and, to a certain extent, of its shape.

The conception of shape by means of hearing is a further step in Dr. Mansfeld's experiment. He says that by means of this "sound perception" of distance, size and material, the well-trained blind man perceives in dim outline the shape of the object that echoes his footsteps. Dr. Mansfeld calls this outline "Hoerhuelse" (sound jacket) to make an attempt at translating a newly-constructed word—and he says that it gives a conception of the object similar to that obtained by the seeing man of a shrouded statue. The outline is not clear, but the shape can be guessed at approximately.

Experiments conducted by Professor Buehler and Dr. Mansfeld are in progress at the Jewish Asylum for Blind Children in Vienna. The children are taught in groups to discern the typical sounds of various materials, to judge shape, size and distance by sound. The procedure is complicated by various circumstances that, according to Dr. Mansfeld, influence perception by hearing—such as weather conditions, dampness of the air, strength and direction of the wind, etc.

While the experiments of Professor Buehler and Dr. Mansfeld are going on, an entirely different type of investigation of the reactions of blind men was recently completed at St. Dunstan's, at Brighton, England.

St. Dunstan research workers have become interested in the dreams of blind people, especially those who were born blind and, as a result form their mind impressions by what they hear, feel, touch and smell. Some of the blind men whose dreams have been recorded show that the dreamers had definite pictures before them in their sleep which they could vividly recall when they had awakened.

Mr. W. G. T. Pemberton, who has been blind since birth recalls that in one of his dreams: "I was in a drawing-room with several great friends. Everything was quite normal, and furniture, decorations and other objects were quite distinct. We were sitting, talking when I noticed that a curtain-pole was off its bracket, and I immediately climbed on two arm-chairs and put it right."

Inasmuch as Mr. Pemberton had never actually seen the drawing-room or furnishings which appeared to him in his dream, it is very possible that some of his impressions were received through the hearing and a mental building of "Sendestaerke," as Dr. Mansfeld called it.

Turned The Cafe Into A Museum Of Pitchers

IN Texas in a modern cafe, sometimes known as "The House of a Thousand Pitchers," there is a collection of various and interesting pitchers. On shelves and in cupboards for the guests to see, the pitchers are arranged side by side, the cherished collection of the late Mrs. Ross Lane Jones.

From childhood Ross Lane was interested in pitchers. It wasn't, however, until she had grown to womanhood that it occurred to her it might be an interesting hobby to collect and catalogue pitchers.

When, then, her aggregation of pourers numbered one hundred she began to think of herself as a collector. Aided by friends and relatives the pitcher collection grew and thrived. Not one pitcher in the collection was purchased by the collector. Everyone was a gift.

Often at Christmas or on a birth anniversary as many as fifty new pitchers arrived to increase the Jones pitcher family. And Mrs. Jones finally became known by the name of "Pitcher Jones."

Under her careful supervision the pitchers took on real character, a personality all their own. Interesting anecdotes, amusing or tender, introduced the pitchers to those who came to inspect them.

The pitchers range in size from a tiny ivory pitcher on a slender chain, once worn about Mrs. Jones's throat, to a huge tankard of finest porcelain; from an infinitesimal pourer shaped from a bit of clay from Juarez, Mexico, a midget pitcher holding scarce one-half a drop, to a beautiful cut glass one radiating all the colors of the rainbow. There is a little pitcher carved from a peach stone, highly polished, and a wooden vessel large enough for a water pitcher, both of the latter carved by hand for Mrs. Jones's pitcher aggregation.

The Little Pitcher With a Broken Leg Was Presented to Mrs. Jones by a Boy, Who Said, "I'm sorry it's broken, but I brung it to you, just the same." It's a Cherished Exhibit.

There is the little pitcher, too, with a broken leg, presented by a small boy, who said, "I'm sorry, my pitcher has a broken leg, but I brung it to you, just the same."

A quaint creation, shaped like a little bag-pipe, came from Scotland, and a small red one more than eight years old, came originally from Italy. It crossed the ocean five times in an English woman's trunk before it ended its globe-trotting days and came to rest in the Jones collection down in Texas.

Gold-leaf covers one lovely, graceful piece, a ewer of copper lustre adds its beauty to the collection and is probably the most valuable of all. Yet when the collector was asked her most cherished pitcher, she pointed to a small blue one, part of a child's porridge set, and confessed it was her favorite, "For," she said, "it belonged to my own little son, whom I lost when he was only four years old."

In a tea set, tiny replica of a service designed for a King and Queen of France is a midget pitcher scarce an inch in height. It is from the Louvre.

A pair of pitchers in the collection are from Stratford-on-Avon—the home of Shakespeare—and a pitcher with a crooked body over which Mrs. Jones was wont to quote from Khayyam:

"A vessel of a more ungainly make
They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

A dull brown pitcher made entirely from pine needles looks uninteresting enough, but these pine needles come from the Torre pines and they grow in only one place in the world. On a high promontory in Southern California overlooking the Pacific.

For over fifteen years Mrs. Jones added to her collection. After the little porridge set pitcher, she had other favorites. A beautiful hand-embossed brass pitcher, its metal from the Himalaya mountains in India, and a quaint pitcher of Aztec pottery from the Pyramids of Old Mexico; the art that fashioned it now said to be lost. An enticing Venetian glass pitcher from Florence, Italy, and one from the lava of a volcano, Vesuvius, were also prized.

Pitchers from Burmah and from Mandalay are arranged side by side. Many of the pitchers have names and they all have histories. One pitcher was rescued from a fire in Philadelphia. One beautiful glass pitcher has an unusually interesting story for two young French boys, glass-blowers in a factory in West Virginia, were working on a formula which embodied their own ideas when the World War broke out. They left their work and went to the battlefield. They never returned. Their memorial is a tall, slender glass pitcher covered with gold and silver gloss.

Some of the pitchers are venerable. A pewter pitcher blackened by time, came from England and is more than one hundred years old. A pitcher that came from a cellar in Tennessee is over two hundred years old. There are pitchers of all shapes and sizes. There are pitchers from Egypt, several from different parts of Asia, from Central America, from Canada. There is a gay colored pottery pitcher from Czechoslovakia. There are pitchers made by Indians, pitchers of many materials, some of copper lustre from Persia, and one from Ireland. The finest of china is represented in this collection, Haviland, Doulton, Sevres, Limoges, French, Nippon, Quimper, willow-ware. There is a strange pitcher from a gourd, handle and spout being short sections of the gourd's growth.

There is another of red pottery shaped like a pepper; another one shaped like a fish. And that convivial pourer, "the little brown jug," is also represented in the collection. From Greenwich Village it came, and surely it looks old enough and brown enough to be the original little brown jug.

There are the Pitcher People themselves, and they possess real personality. Teddy Roosevelt, his face with its widest smile on one side, deepest frown on the other, is reproduced on the curves of a pottery pitcher. On another pitcher, the face of Woodrow Wilson; on another, the face of Diaz, "Iron Man" of Mexico. Small and chubby are a pair of Toby Pitchers, three cornered hats, waistcoats and all.

On a shelf close by are the animal pitchers. Dogs and cats and pigs, and pitchers shaped like a rabbit, an elephant, an owl, a boasting Chanticleer, a crow and a seal.

There is the pitcher that is different. Mrs. Jones always called it her "trick pitcher." It has a perforated handle and pours from these orifices instead of from its spout. There is the pitcher with the name of Anton Lang, the famous Christus of the Passion Play, stamped on the bottom, and a small pitcher with a picture of a cannon on its side that came from a World War veteran whose name was Cannon.

What was originally started as a hobby by Mrs. Jones may some day prove to be a small windfall to her heirs as the collecting hobby during the past few years has extended to all sorts of odd items.

At the turn of the century rare postage stamps and coins were the principal items collected. Both of these items are now being purchased enthusiastically by thousands of collectors throughout the country. President Roosevelt, for example, is a well-known stamp collector. While representative collections of stamps and coins run into thousands of dollars, collectors with modest incomes have started collecting such items as match-box covers, candy wrappers, bottle labels and other things which, while without value by themselves, may possess value in later years depending upon how the collection grows.

The Flying Housemaid Of The Canadian Northland

IN CANADA'S far North of mining camps, trap-lines and trading posts, North America's last great frontier, the unusual can be expected and it is the unusual that is found in May Jean Rice, the "Flying Housemaid of the North." The strangeness of the North has even invaded the ordinarily drab field of domestic service and, for all she knows, Miss Rice is the only domestic servant in the world who commutes by aeroplane—a costly method of transportation in the North.

Up at Goldfields, newly-founded mining camp on the northern shore of Lake Athabasca, there are no electric washers, refrigerators, vacuum cleaners or other conveniences of a modern household but there is a domestic servant and she is Miss Rice. In fact, Miss Rice is the only domestic servant for hundreds of miles around and she has a nice monopoly of the domestic service business. As frequently happens, the monopoly is expensive for those who get service from it. Miss Rice demands and gets big prices for her efforts with brooms, mops, floor polish and elbow grease for the Monday washtubs.

The miners and prospectors, most of whom are from cities in the United States and Canada, like to get the kind of service they had at home. Most of them are making good money and are willing to pay big prices to have their washing done and cabins kept clean and tidy.

The flying housemaid spends Monday over washtubs in miners' cabins at Goldfields. On Tuesday she boards a commercial transport aeroplane for Warren Camp on Nelly Lake, thirty-five miles away. She flys back to Goldfields, the larger settlement, Wednesday, and spends the rest of the week doing "housework" there. That costs real money for transportation but the flying housemaid makes real money scrubbing floors and doing the weekly washing so she makes a neat profit each week after paying for aeroplane hops from camp to camp.

Miss Rice is the daughter of a Canadian World War veteran and a French war-bride. She couldn't find work in her home town of Grande Prairie, Alberta, and she conceived the idea of offering her services to the forlorn miners of Goldfields where her brothers were working.

Only seventeen years and attractive, the flying housemaid admits she has received and turned down "with thanks" many proposals of marriage. Just at present, she can't see the profit of doing housework for one miner without salary when she can work for several and be paid well for doing it.

A good dancer and an expert on the piano, accordion and banjo, the flying housemaid frequently turns an extra penny playing at Northern dances where the men outnumber the women ten to one.

Miss Rice gets $15 to $20 a day for her domestic services in Goldfields, depending on the number of hours she puts in cleaning, washing, mending and tidying up the miners' cabins. That is as much as most domestics in Canada get in a month, in addition to their board of course. For her two days in Neilly Lake the enterprising young woman makes about $20 clear. The aeroplane trip, a hop of about fifteen minutes, costs her $15 each way. In a week Miss Rice would clear about $100 if she works every week day. Expensive for the gold miners, yes, but "easy come, easy go"—and the thing the miners hate worst is cleaning up around the cabins.

Dude Ranches Glorifying The Lone Cow Hand

THE lone cow hand, unless he is handsome, can croon, and speak well the language of love, may continue to poke his ungainly cows along the dim Western trails. But he won't be seen much around the ranch-house.

His place at the main camp is being taken by the sleek Romeo who is more adept with a guitar than with a rope.

The advent of the Dude Ranch, replacing in considerable numbers the old cattle ranches of the West, has brought about a demand for the smoother article in cow hands. Lee Hermann, of Colorado Springs, Col., secretary-treasurer of the Colorado Dude and Guest Ranches Association, has revealed.

Despite the injection of romance into the tophands, Hermann still contends that all the glamour of the "Wild and Woolly West" continues to pervade Western dude ranches. In addition to "romancing," riding and terpsichorean flings, much of the credit for restocking of fish and game to provide primitive wild life and sports for Eastern guests goes to the dude ranchers.

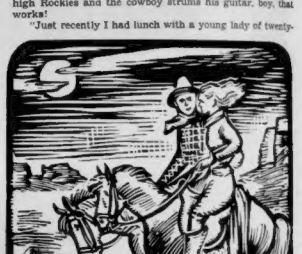
To them, also, goes credit for preserving all the colorful customs and costumes of the old West. The iron triangle used as a dinner gong, the cowboy saddle with its heavy pommel, the melancholy songs around the campfire in the evening, the ten-gallon hats, colored shirts, woolly chaps, and high-heeled boots of the cowmen have been perpetuated past their actual usefulness on many dude ranches in order to provide original Western background.

But paying guests from the East want romance, with perhaps a little horseback riding, hunting or fishing on the side, Hermann has learned.

The scenery, atmosphere and locale of the Colorado ranches, Hermann insists, cannot be imitated by so-called "dude ranches" being set up in the East.

"Ladies who patronize Eastern ranches do so solely for romance, and horseback riding," Hermann said. "They can't get the kick or results in the East that the West can give, for in Colorado, when that full moon hits over the high Rockies and the cowboy strums his guitar, boy, that works!

"Just recently I had lunch with a young lady of twenty-



The Romance Angle of the Dude Ranch Industry Is Peculiar to the West and Traceable to the Beauty Lent by Mountains, Plains, the Moon, of Course, and Handsome Cowhands.

one, who met at a Colorado dude ranch the gentleman of her future, and they are announcing their marriage in real New York style next May.

"And I have seen another couple lately that became entranced under the Sangre de Cristo peaks and the Colorado moon. The result is another forthcoming marriage. So you see I talk from personal knowledge."

Hermann, however, was reluctant to reveal identity of the couples who had found romance on the range, other than to admit they were socially prominent in the East.

One of the most widely publicized dude ranch romances of recent months, however, was that of the beautiful Ann Gould, who donned slacks and met her cowboy, clandestinely, in Cheyenne, and was married in a parsonage in that frontier city. The top cow hand that Ann picked was Herman Elebury, of Cody, Wyo., and Ann is said to have promised to buy him "plenty acres" in that State where the couple could roam at will. In fact, they spent part of their honeymoon on a far-flung ranch in southwestern Colorado, riding, fishing, hunting in preparation for the future.

To the members of his organization, made up of dude ranch operators in Colorado, Hermann declared:

"You must tell them, offhand like, that you have handsome cowboys, moonlight on babbling brooks, and all the other stage props that go to incubate the germs of tender romance."

Such promises, though, necessitate having cowboys of the handsome, if not overly efficient type, on the rancher's payroll.

The old-time tophand, be he ever so handy with a rope and branding-iron, can be retained to do most of the actual hard work around the place.

Hermann suggested that the ranchers might find it advisable to hire some of their cowboys entirely on the basis of pulchritude.

Real tophands, for one thing, demand a little more pay than is necessary for hiring nice looking youths. On some ranches, college boys are being employed to help care for the dudes, and, incidentally, provide some of the romantic background considered so necessary for the dudettes.

In fact, some dude ranches have found that the more prosaic and much less profitable cattle industry is entirely unnecessary. They provide handsome cowboys, good riding horses, and are assured by their guests that the vacations of the latter are thoroughly enjoyable.

As to efficiency with which Hermann's moonlight-and-handsome-cowboy formula works, he pointed out the rapidly increasing number of Eastern heiresses who have found romance while vacationing on dude ranches.

"We are old-fashioned, and still believe marriages are made in heaven," Hermann said, "so we wouldn't think of charging a fee on love matches if we could.

"But if we levied a ten percent marriage bureau fee on the wealth of all the heiresses that have found cowboy husbands on dude ranches, we dude ranchers wouldn't need any old-age security plan."

The requirements of the growing dude ranch industry, and its crying need for younger men of the collegiate type has been recognized by the University of Wyoming, that institution has inaugurated a course in "recreational ranching," to enable graduates to step right into ranch jobs.

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Why Little Miss Fragrant-Peony Killed Herself

Too Modest to Disrobe in Public, Too Loyal to Her Geisha-Girl Sisters to Desert Them, She Drinks Poison at the Sacred Font of Purification and Thus Ends Japan's Queer First Sit-Down Strike

Miss Okama, Leader of the Striking Geishas, Offering Prayers with Companions at a Shrine in the Temple Where They Carried On Their Strange "Sit-Down" Strike.

Miss "Fragrant-Peony," the Geisha Who Ended the Strike by Suicide.

The Geisha Girls, After the Strike Had Ended, Considerately Demonstrating for a Photographer the Purification Rites at the Font Where Fragrant-Peony Took Poison—But They Drew the Line at Taking Off Their Clothes.

Striker Placing a Picketing Placard in Front of the Temple After the Girls Had Taken Possession of It—It reads "Southern Fan—Geisha Girl—Business Association—Office."

The Striking Geisha Girls Threw Off Their Clothes and, Standing by the Font of Purification, Pleaded with Fragrant-Peony to Disrobe as They Had and Join Them, but She Shook Her Head, and then Drawing from Her Bosom a Small Vial, Lifted It to Her Mouth, Drank It, and Fell Dead Almost Instantly at Their Feet.

OSAKA, Japan, April 10.

THE strangest strike in Japanese history has ended in Osaka, not because sixty of the city's most beautiful geisha girls went on a sit-down strike in a Buddhist temple, but because one of their number, little Fukuko Myamoto, swallowed poison and fell dead before a great sacred font in the temple courtyard.

Victory, in fact, seemed far away for the strikers, who had demanded that they not be forced to attend certain of the more rowdy tea-rooms in Osaka, and that they be allowed the privilege of denying themselves to such customers as seemed objectionable.

But the strangest thing of all about the strange strike was that little Miss Myamoto, engaged in a very unmoral business, killed herself because her woes to her geisha-girl friends forced her to violate a vow of morality she had taken in her own village, where it was considered immoral for a woman to appear in the nude before members of her own sex.

This twenty-two-year-old girl, whose geisha name was "Fragrant Peony," had been out of town at the beginning of the strike, but joined promptly on her return.

She was confronted by the saddest problem of them all. The girl, though not a Buddhist, found everything organized on an extremely religious basis, which was all right except one thing. Besides their evening hot bath there was a morning ceremony of purification in which the girls assembled in one of the temple courts around a great bronze, sacred font filled with ice-cold water. The end of the purification consisted in all the girls slipping off their clothes and each in turn having a bucket of the icy water poured over her.

Fragrant Peony's trouble was this. She came from a little village in the far North where her ancestors for centuries had considered it a disgrace, far worse than death, for a woman to appear nude before a large company, of her own sex. Therefore she could not do that. On the other hand, she had taken an oath to do everything the others did. If she broke that oath she must leave the temple, the first striker to desert. That was equally impossible.

Considering her profession, this intense modesty may seem to Western people illogical. But in the East most everything is reversed. The Japanese have read with amazement of an American actress who exposed herself indecently before large audiences and yet called a policeman when a man friend asked her to do the same for him, privately. The Japanese cannot see the logic in that.

Logic or no logic, for two days the unhappy girl managed to avoid that purification, but on the third there was no escape. However, she was prepared for it and when the others, standing around naked, asked what was the matter, she explained her dilemma. Resolutely one of the leaders said:

"Well, which are you going to do?"

"Neither," answered Fragrant Peony, "there is a better way which the gods told me in my prayers. It will lead you out of here, triumphant."

So saying she placed a little bottle to her lips and fell dying at their feet. A suicide is the one argument which has always convinced the Japanese that a cause is just. In vain the people who employed the girls tried to make out that it was just a love suicide. Public opinion roared from all parts of the islands, and three days later the girls were given the charter of a geisha girl employment exchange of their very own.

Having no factory to occupy, the girls chose to sit down in the nearest Buddhist temple, which served their purpose even better.

The girls were not striking for shorter hours, higher pay, closed shop or any of the issues that pre-occupy or any of the American sitdowner. It was what might be called a high moral issue in a not very moral profession. This gave them the right to put the question up to the gods and, though nobody would admit such a thing, it was a sort of sit-down strike against the deities, too.

The geisha of Osaka had demanded of their employers that they be given back their ancient privileges of declining to go to certain tearooms where rowdy parties were the custom and to refuse their charms to rough and uncouth customers, as told.

The Nanchi (or Southern) Geisha Exchange of this city, through its managing director, replied:

"No. The gay quarters (the tea-rooms, in which the girls appear) are the plate, the geisha girls are the food served on that plate and the apprentice geisha girls are the fried potatoes that go on the side of the dish. The food comes and goes. Unless it is consumed it soon grows old and stale but the plate is permanent. Unless there is a plate, no matter how many geisha and dancers there might be, none of you could long exist. It is not for the food to pick and choose the plate on which it is to be served nor the customer before whom it is to be placed."

The geishas bowed humbly and said there was nothing to do but take the matter up in their prayers.

Some of the geisha are on a free business basis. To them the exchange was simply an employment agency which took as its commission the lion's share of their fees. But they were as free to go on strike against the agency as is any American wage earner. The difficulty such a strike would face was the large number of "marugakae" available as strike breakers.

These marugakae girls are literally contract slaves who have been sold to the geisha trainers by their parents for $200 to $1,000 each, in return for a contract binding the girls to service of three to five years. During that time the employers are entitled to all their earnings, out of which, however, must be paid their shelter, food, clothes, cosmetics, medical care, and occasionally a little pocket money. The girls, obliged by law, centuries old, to obey the orders of their employers, had no more chance to join the strike than have soldiers in the army to choose about obeying orders. If there were not enough of these strike breakers in Osaka, unlimited reinforcements would be shipped in from other cities whose exchanges naturally were not in sympathy with a geisha strike.

In times past there were many small exchanges whose managers knew all their girls well and respected their feelings. They were not given a ticket on which the hours they served at a party had to be punched, and seldom was there insistence that a girl attend a place or a person she disliked.

The depression forced all Japan's industries to abandon older ways of doing business in favor of more economical Western methods. All over the country the starving little geisha exchanges amalgamated into a few big incorporated ones such as the Nanchi, which became the exclusive agent for the large territory of Southern Osaka.

This big corporation had a president and board of directors who would not know any of its girls by sight. Even the office manager hardly more than knew them by name, though they were all sufficiently card-indexed. To keep the corporation from going broke in the hard times its officers concerned themselves with seeking economies and extra sources of profit.

As a result, the geisha girls became treated more and more as merchandise. The free geisha got less and less work and the marugakae girls were ordered to three or four parties a night because, with them, there was no splitting of fees. If a tea-room or an individual customer specified some particular free geisha, she had to go, no matter how much she disliked them and how badly they had treated her in the past. Otherwise she would be stricken from the books of the only exchange there was in the territory.

Slowly the wrath of the girls grew until they made up their minds to do something about it. Sixty of the most popular free geishas organized and elected three leaders, Okoma, Sankichi and Ando Tomi. Ando was hot with the other two when they laid their demands so politely before the managing director, disliked him, the temple would have to accept them. Back to the "gay quarter" they trooped, with their divine inspiration which was unanimously accepted.

After that unsatisfactory visit the girls prayed, as their emissaries had so politely threatened they would, but their prayer had already been answered in advance. It seems that the gods of the Far East sometimes are forehanded that way. That answer was the great epidemic of sit-down strikes which the papers informed them had the United States in its grip. It seemed to them a sort of supernatural weapon, defying all courts and other forms of law and order and just the sort of thing they wanted. There was just one serious difficulty—they had no place to sit.

Only a few could squeeze into the reception room of the agency and to go and sit in any of the tea-rooms would have no significance because all those places were customers and not involved in the dispute.

A majority of the geisha are Buddhists and in this bothersome situation many of them walked up Mt. Shiki-zan to the Gyokuzo-in Temple, to ask the gods where they could all sit down together. The moment they entered the spacious building, they knew it was the ideal place.

Since they were not going to sit down for material benefit, but for an ancient and honorable right enjoyed by their ancestors, who did not have to visit even a two-sword Samurai if they were insulted, they would have to accept them. Back to the "gay quarter" they trooped, with their divine inspiration which was unanimously accepted.

Craftily, by twos and threes, so the police would not be curious, the entire sixty ascended the mountain. By night fall they had put out a sign at the temple entrance. It informed the world that this was the temporary headquarters of the Nanchi Geisha Girls' Association on a Sit-Down Strike. They brought some food with them but sympathizers supplied them with plenty from then on.

At 5:30 o'clock on the afternoon of February 26 the 60 geisha girls assembled in the main hall of the temple and offered prayers. They then returned to the living quarters in the temple, undressed and bathed themselves in steaming hot water. Then, for the first time in weeks, they ate leisurely. There were no hurry calls to fill dinner engagements. After dinner some of the more ardent devotees of the Buddhist religion went again to the main hall and worshiped.

Up to this time the public at large was unaware that any trouble had developed between the Osaka geisha girls and the Nanchi Geisha Exchange, Inc. The large headlines and photographs in the morning newspapers announcing Japan's first sit-down strike and proclaiming that the fair entertainers of Osaka were the principals, took the nation by surprise.

There was great excitement throughout Japan, long interviews with the strike leaders were printed and much sympathy aroused. The exchange was thrown into unpleasant prominence and its arguments seemed weak. Telegrams and letters of sympathy poured in, followed by parcels of food from geisha in other cities. There was no illegal occupation of the temple because Ilida Shunsei, its second high priest, stated:

"We are taking care of the girls because many of them are believers in the Buddhist religion. Although this is a strike I do not think it is an ordinary labor-capital dispute. That is why we are looking after the girls. If we are asked to act as mediators we shall be happy to do so."

Japanese sympathy and emotions are as easily aroused as anyone's, but they are an old people who have learned from their own past to be slow about making changes lest they go from bad to worse and they are not stampeded by oratory and the American rabble rouser is unknown. There was plenty of sympathy but no sign of interference and the exchange had filled the vacancies. Victory seemed far away when suddenly it was given to them by the heroic action of little Miss Fukuko Myamoto.

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Sweethearts Again

SINCE JANE LEARNED THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN THREATENS EVEN A GIRL OF 20

EVERYTHING WAS SWELL BETWEEN TOM AND ME, UNTIL THAT HATEFUL BABS BROWN DAZZLED HIM WITH HER SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION
DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU SEE A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST, AND FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR COMPLEXION?

JANE CONSULTS EMIL, FAMOUS CHICAGO BEAUTY SPECIALIST
EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ONLY 20, YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK DULL AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP. . . .

WHY EMIL RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . That's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emil Rohde

ORCHIDS FROM TOM, AGAIN!
YES! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW DIFFERENT HE'S BEEN SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED ME GET RID OF THAT UGLY, DRY, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DOES *your* complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness . . . or seem slightly coarse-looking? Then *watch out*, famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance—heart-breaking "Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly, these same beauty experts advise.

For Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion alluringly soft, smooth and *young!*

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made from a blend of real beauty ingredients, soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using this safe, gentle Palmolive Soap today?

FREE! DIONNE QUIN CUT-OUT BOOK FOR CHILDREN!

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MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

Uncovering the Secrets of the Mayas' Feathered-Serpent God

Archeologists of Carnegie Institution Working in Yucatan's Ruins Find a Buried Pyramid Inside the Mysterious Race's Temple of Kukulkan, All Powerful Divinity of Earth and Sky

The Plaque Upon the Seat of the Jaguar Throne.

El Castillo, the Temple to Kukulkan, as Drawn in 1840 by Frederick Catherwood, an English Artist, and the First White Man to Penetrate the Place for Many Centuries.

The Jaguar Throne Found in an Inner Chamber of the Buried Temple; Vivid Red With Apple-Green Jade Eyes and Spots and a Turquoise Mosaic Plaque on the Seat.

The Temple as It Has Been Recently Restored by the Archeologists of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

THE discovery of a buried pyramid-temple within the great pyramid of the God Kukulkan, in the ruins of the ancient Maya city of Chichen Itza, in Yucatan, is announced by the Carnegie Institution of Washington. The great pyramid, which has long been known as El Castillo, is now cleared of all debris and is a marvelous piece of reconstruction accomplished by the archeologists of the Carnegie Institution working with the archeologists of the Mexican Government.

The buried pyramid was a much older one than that which encased it. Instead of demolishing it, the builders, perhaps because of its sanctity, did not wreck it, but raised the new one around it, like putting one box over another.

Within the old structure were found various objects which reveal new and interesting facts about the worship of Kukulkan, who was also known as the Feathered Serpent and was the same deity whom the Aztecs named Quetzalcoatl, which means bird-serpent.

Beside a remarkable throne carved in the shape of a jaguar, with jade eyes and spots and teeth and fangs of bird white stone, sacrificial knives and turquoise plaques, one of the secret chambers opened showed that one wall had been decorated with the tops of human thigh bones. These in all likelihood came from victims of sacrifices to the god, but what was the idea in picking out these particular bones no one knows. Nothing like it has ever been found in previous excavations.

Kukulkan was the greatest god of the Mayas, that mysterious race which built their first cities in Central America five hundred years before Christ, or earlier. None knows from where they came, but their oldest remains show that they were as well versed in astronomy as the ancient Egyptians. Kukulkan was the ruler of the skies and of earth, his power symbolized by his name combination of bird and serpent. He was also the vastly important Rain God, since he controlled the heavens.

When the Aztecs borrowed his worship they depicted him as a white man with a flowing beard. Their legend that some day he would return had much to do with the easy conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, as at first they were thought to be "Sons of Quetzalcoatl," coming back according to the old prophecy.

The first white man to run across Kukulkan's pyramid in Chichen Itza was an English artist named Catherwood, who, with John L. Stephens, American explorer, visited the ruins in 1840. His drawing of the structure as it was at that time is shown here in comparison with the reconstructed pyramid.

First indication that there was another hidden temple within the walls of El Castillo was made by Earl Morris, in charge of the work, says the bulletin of the Carnegie Institution announcing the discovery.

A sculptured column block projecting from a corner of the supporting pyramid suggested that some exploratory excavation of the pyramid itself should be undertaken. As a result of the investigation which he made it was found that chambers existed belonging to an earlier temple and that they had been filled with rubble and had been incorporated, in their entirety, in the pyramidal base of what is known as the Warriors Temple, close by.

Exploratory work to determine what, if anything, lay concealed within it, was begun in 1930 under direction of Sr. Marquina, of the Mexican Bureau of Pre-Hispanic Monuments. The first step taken was that of driving a tunnel at ground level straight in from a point at the center of the south face of the pyramid. Thirty feet within, the base of an earlier pyramid was encountered whereupon the tunnel was turned to the left, or west, and driven along the base line of the hidden pyramid to the latter's southwest corner. Turning the corner, the tunnel was continued northward along the western side of the inner pyramid to a point far enough past the center to prove that no stairway existed on the west face of the inner structure.

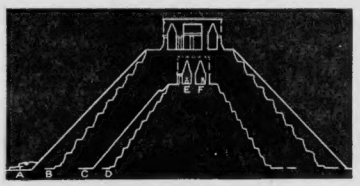

Diagram of Kukulkan's Temple, Showing the Inner Hidden One Found by the Carnegie Institution Expedition: (a) Outer Stairway; (b) Outer Terraced Face; (c) Inner Stairway; (d) Inner Terraced Face; (e) Vestibule of Concealed Temple; (f) Sanctuary of Concealed Temple Where Jaguar Throne Reposes. (Carnegie Institution of Washington.)

Next, the attack was shifted to the north face of El Castillo and at a point at the base line just west of the stairway, selected to avoid damaging the stairway, a tunnel was run east until it was under the center of the stairway, then it was turned to the right and driven south toward the heart of the pyramid. Here, again, at a distance of about 30 feet the base of the older pyramid was reached a second time, but, unlike their experience with the tunnel at the south face, the investigators encountered a stairway, apparently leading up the north face of the buried pyramid.

At foot of the newly discovered stairway they came upon a rectangular limestone box, approximately 2½ feet long, 2 feet wide, and 2 feet deep. It was covered with a lid consisting of a single stone slab which had been fitted to the opening.

Outside the box lay the skeleton of a man. When the ponderous lid was raised, to the delight of the archaeologists there were revealed: two turquoise mosaic plaques; three necklaces, one of coral, one of turquoise, and one of jade; seven beads of jade; five jade pendants, one of which was an exquisitely carved, iridescent piece representing the figure of Itzamna, the head of the Maya pantheon; a piece of jade with a fragment of cloth attached; about 2,000 loose button-shaped beads of turquoise; and two unusually large sacrificial knife-blades of flint, four inches wide and more than a foot long.

Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley of the Carnegie Institution staff, who examined the box and its contents soon after discovery, believes that it is to be regarded as a ceremonial deposit made upon the occasion of the commencement of work upon the new pyramid—a procedure suggesting the modern practice of laying corner-stones and of depositing within them or under them boxes containing objects of probable interest to future antiquarians.

A year or so after discovery of the inner stairway and the box at its foot, Sr. Marquina and his colleagues began sinking test pits in the platform at top of El Castillo to see if the inner pyramid was surmounted by a temple structure. They soon found that such a structure existed; that it had been filled in instead of having been demolished; and that its top lay only about a yard below the floor of the outer temple. By means of tunnels run in different directions they learned that the temple surmounting the earlier pyramid contained two chambers, one directly behind the other, and that entrance was gained through a single doorway at the north side which, in turn, was reached by the stairway running up the north face of the inner pyramid.

During the working season of 1935, the outer chamber of the older buried temple was cleared of its rubble filling. At the center of this chamber a stone statue was discovered which represented a recumbent human figure, of which ten others have been recovered in Chichen Itza.

"These figures," says the Carnegie Bulletin, "are generally found in front of temple entrances at the head of the approaching stairway. Usually a stone disk rests upon the abdomen of the figure on which offerings were probably placed by worshipers entering the temple. Occasionally, instead of a disk, the abdomen of the figure is hollowed out, cup-shaped.

"Unlike all the other statues of this type, so far found, the ten toe-nails of this one, made of highly polished white bone, were still intact. Both its upper and lower teeth, made of the same material, were in position as were its eyes which were also made of white bone. To represent the pupils of the eyes, circular pieces had been cut from the centers and replaced with a black material resembling pitch.

"During July and August of 1936 the excavation of the inner chamber was pushed to completion and an amazing discovery made. The back wall of the chamber was found to have been studded at regular intervals with the heads of human femurs, presumably obtained from sacrificial victims. At the center of the chamber stood a box, made of squared limestone blocks, which was covered by two ponderous flat stone slabs.

"Inside the box was a throne fashioned from a single block of stone, carved to represent the figure of a jaguar, and painted a vivid red. As the figure has been shielded within the pyramid all these centuries from the light the color is probably almost as brilliant as when it was originally applied. The spots of the jaguar are represented by inlays of apple-green jade. The eyes also are made of jade, unusually large hemispherical pieces of excellent quality having been used for the purpose. The teeth and fangs appear to consist of hard white stone.

"Resting upon the jaguar seat lay a mosaic turquoise plaque similar to the two found in the box at the foot of the stairway. On top of the plaque reposed a shell necklace, and a jade pendant, carved to represent a human face."

Dr. Morley is of the opinion that the central object of the inner chamber may properly be identified as a jaguar throne. He points out, in support of this opinion, that double-headed jaguar thrones have been found in the ruins of the New Empire city of Uxmal; and that representations of it are to be found in the paintings on the walls of the inner temple chambers of the Temple of the Warriors; in stucco on the walls of the Temple of Baa-Relief at Palenque; and on some of the sculptured columns at Piedras Negras, Guatemala.

Kukulkan's Temple stands near the center of a 45-acre terrace which is composed of rubble masonry raised a few yards above the level of the vast limestone plain which comprises almost the whole of the northern portion of the peninsula of Yucatan. Surrounding the pyramid lies a complicated agglomeration of temples, courts, arcades, colonnades, palaces, and mounds not yet excavated—an architectural complex so extensive, indeed, as to indicate that Chichen Itza, when at the height of its development, truly, must have presented an amazing spectacle.

A Chieftain, or Priest, Seated on a Jaguar Throne Like That Discovered in the Hidden Temple. A Painting in the "Temple of the Warriors," Close to Kukulkan's Pyramid.

"The peak of this construction activity at Chichen Itza," says the Carnegie Institution's report, "was reached during what is known as the New Empire period of Maya history, a period which probably began soon after the middle of the eleventh century and which continued well into the last half of the fifteenth century, almost to the time of the coming of Columbus. This period of three and one-half centuries is often referred to as the period of the Maya renaissance, and it is indeed true that during this time Maya culture experienced a sharp revival which found its most fruitful expression in the designing and constructing of great buildings for religious and ceremonial purposes.

"This awakening to exuberant architectural activity appears to have been due, in part at least, to the influx of an alien people from the west. There is uncertainty as to just who these people were, but there are grounds for believing that they belonged to the great Nahuan linguistic group of Mexico. At all events, they profoundly affected the art, the architecture, and the religious and ceremonial life of Chichen Itza, Mayapan and Uxmal, the three city-states of Yucatan that, during this period of Maya history, formed the political confederacy known as the League of Mayapan.

"The invaders from the West brought with them, for example, worship of Kukulkan, the feathered-serpent god, who was represented by a rattlesnake having a body whose scales were replaced by the feathers of the sacred quetzal bird and from whose mouth a human head frequently protruded.

"Everywhere in Chichen Itza among the buildings of the New Empire period, representations of this all-powerful divinity of the earth and sky are to be found. In columns, cornices, facades, balustrades, murals, bas-reliefs, the Maya artists and sculptors employed the feathered serpent as an ornamental motif with unrestrained prodigality.

"So, too, the immigrants from the West seem to have been responsible for the marked increase that took place in the performing of human sacrifices. Indeed, it is thought by some that they are rightly to be charged with having introduced the religious ceremonies that were associated with El Castillo and the sacred well near by—ceremonies which culminated in the casting of the most beautiful of the Maya maidens into the well in a supreme effort to appease the rain-god who was thought to have his abode in the depths below."

The new discoveries in Yucatan have done much to clear up the perplexities that have arisen respecting the Maya race, the greatest of all the pre-Columbian races of the New World.

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Pepsodent requires NO SOAP. Contains NO GRIT . . . NO PUMICE.
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BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away— restores natural luster.
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BECAUSE OF IRIUM . . .
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—Refreshing!
PEPSODENT
SUPER-SOFT

Science turns thumbs-down on old-fashioned methods of cleaning teeth!

It demands a smoother, more thorough action in tooth powders—and finds it!

Now IRIUM—the amazing new dental discovery —brings the *modern* way to remove dull, dingy film, make teeth sparkle, keep mouth clean and fresh.

Pepsodent alone of tooth powders contains this totally new kind of foaming ingredient that *softens* glue-like film and floats it away like magic!

So effective is IRIUM that a good brushing with Pepsodent Powder leaves enamel cleaner and more radiant than you have ever before experienced.

That's why teeth look brighter, feel clean so much longer after using Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM.

Yet Pepsodent Powder is SAFE, because it contains NO GRIT, NO PUMICE. So refreshing is Pepsodent containing IRIUM that a wholesome tingle rejuvenates your mouth, your sense of taste, with every brushing. Try Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM. See how it shows up any other tooth powder you ever used—BAR NONE! Proof is that people have already bought nearly 10,000,000 cans! So try it!

LOOK FOR PEPSODENT DISPLAYS

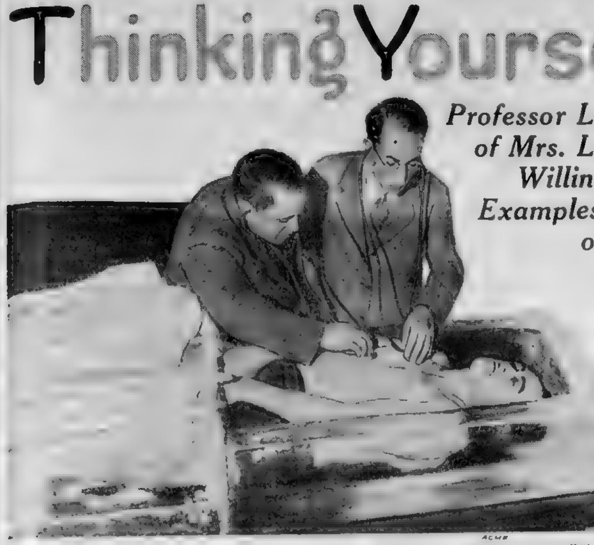
Retailers everywhere are displaying and featuring Pepsodent Tooth Powder containing IRIUM. They will be happy to serve you . . . 25c and 50c sizes.

USE PEPSODENT POWDER!

it alone contains IRIUM—for thrilling luster on teeth!

Thinking Yourself To Death

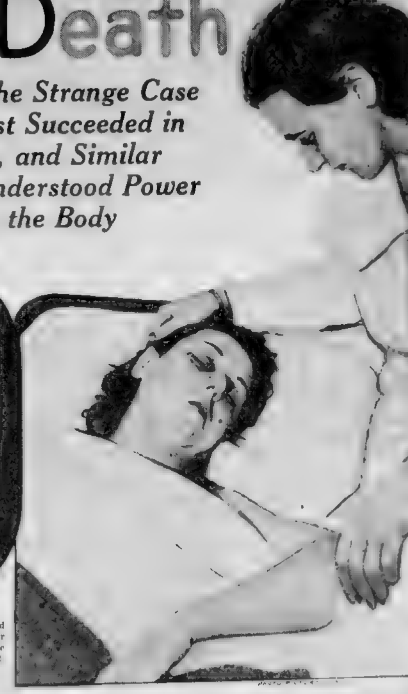
Professor Laird Discusses the Strange Case of Mrs. Love, Who Almost Succeeded in Willing Herself to Die, and Similar Examples of the Little Understood Power of the Mind Over the Body



ACME

[illegible] Mystery Man, in the Block of Ice in Which He Allows Himself to Be Covered for an Hour, and Emerging Without Ill Effects. A Curious Example of the Ability of Some Minds to Control Bodily Functions.

D. F. Teed, Who Brooded Over a Threatening Letter and Dropped Dead on the Day it Named as His Last



Mrs. Helen Wills Love, in the Coma, or Deep Slumber, in which She Lay for Six Days after Announcing that She Could and Would kill Herself by Thinking.

By Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sci.D.
Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

A [illegible] these uncanny things happened in a recent [illegible] Whitaker had been tried in a [illegible] and sentenced to be imprisoned [illegible] of his wife. Through the [illegible] that he was [illegible] the sentence [illegible] his attitude of protest [illegible] of this horrible crime may God [illegible] before I get to my cell.

[illegible] days later, before the wife- [illegible] at San Quentin penitentiary, Whitaker had a sudden heart attack [illegible] to the stone floor, lifeless.

[illegible] same day in Birmingham, Alabama [illegible] was protesting to the Southern police officers that her son, for whom they were hunting, was [illegible] guilty of the hit-and-run killing of an aged Negro.

"[illegible] to die if my son killed that Negro," she [illegible] over and over to her questioners.

[illegible] days later Mrs. George suddenly died and her son, Walter George, came from his hiding place to confess his guilt as the driver of the death car.

[illegible] at Poplar Bluff, Missouri, the amazed citizens were trying to explain the strange fate [illegible] Lewis F. Teed, county relief administrator. Some disgruntled relief client was [illegible] at Teed and wrote him this unsigned [illegible]:

"[illegible] for good in seven days or it [illegible] day for you."

[illegible] a week later Teed died suddenly [illegible] letter hidden in one of his [illegible].

[illegible] Los Angeles Mrs. Helen Wills Love [illegible] thirty-one-year-old brunette [illegible] convicted of [illegible] secret [illegible]

[illegible]

Incantation of an Australian Witch Doctor Over the Effigy of a Supposedly Unfaithful Wife Which Is Intended to Bring About Her Death If She Is Guilty—and Almost Invariably Does Do So If She Knows About the Rites.

A Photograph of Harvey Church, Young Chicago Murderer, Being Carried to the Gallows After He Had "Put Himself to Sleep" So Thoroughly That He Did Not Even Awaken When the Noose Drew Tight

Emily McCormick, a New York Dancer Who Went to a Hospital, Announcing She Would Die at a Certain Hour, and Did Die at That Hour From No Apparent Cause

[illegible]

[illegible] the wife. If she is guilty, she wastes away at [illegible]. The trick, of course, is to let her know she has been [illegible]. If she is guilty, fright kills her [illegible].

Dr. Karen Horney of Chicago has recently studied how a person feels while in a cataleptic trance. Dr. Horney was analyzing a young woman who was subject to brief cataleptic spells, and from this woman discovered that the cataleptic feels himself quite big and strong, and experiences keen delight, as though he were saying to himself, "I am powerful but I am pretending to be powerless. Let me see what the world will do to me."

Another [illegible] aspect of these conditions is reported by Dr. William S. Sadler, a leader in American psychiatry.

"It is not [illegible]," Dr. Sadler says, "for persons in a cataleptic trance to imagine themselves taking trips to other worlds. In fact, the accounts of their experiences which they write out [illegible]

[illegible]

NOW *Beauty's* BUILT TO TAKE IT!

STUDY A PONTIAC POINT BY POINT *and you'll soon see why it's making such a hit. Check its performance. You'll find it more powerful yet more economical than ever. Check its Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher. You'll find comfort, safety and style beyond anything you ever expected in a car that costs so little.*

SPRING is here and the road is calling!

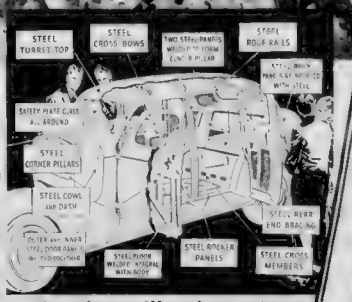
Are you eager to take to the highway again...keen to enjoy your car on the open road with all outdoors to charm you... sure that the going's bound to be safe and comfortable?

Hundreds of thousands of motorists are feeling more that way this spring than ever. They're the happy owners of new General Motors cars—cars that have the Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

And you'll find one reason for motorists' joyous pleasure in the smart style pictured above. There's no questioning the fact, it's a beauty of a car!

This picture can't show you, of course, the reason motorists are so certain of the Unisteel Body's stability and safety. That's hidden beneath its new streamlined sleekness... in the way all steel parts have been fused into one inseparable steel unit.

Here is a steel body that is stoutly substantial, immeasurably more weave-proof, shock-proof and silent. Here, too, is a super-abundance of comfort and luxury.



The inside story of Unisteel construction

Door openings are conveniently widened. Interiors are not only more spacious—they're fitted, as well, with the most luxurious appointments and upholstery ever fashioned by Fisher stylists. And every part of the Unisteel Body is insulated so that you're protected from extreme outside temperatures and traffic noise.

So if you're thinking of getting a new car this spring, you'll do well to remember that *only* General Motors cars have Unisteel Turret Top Body by Fisher.

Only BODY by FISHER has all these Safety and Comfort Features:

1. Improved visibility, front and rear
2. Streamline style—roominess for greater comfort
3. Safiseal floor—protects against exhaust fumes
4. Improved No Draft Ventilation with Safety Plate Glass all around
5. Giant luggage compartments "floated" integral with body
6. Wider seats and larger door openings
7. Turret Top for extra safety and durability
8. New two-way adjustable front seat
9. Fisher interior styling—upholstery and fittings
10. Unisteel construction throughout — with all the steel panels insulated against heat, cold and noise

THE UNISTEEL TURRET TOP BODY BY Fisher

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK* • LA SALLE • CADILLAC*

*On the most popular models

Boys—$80,000 in awards. Enroll in 1937 Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild Competition, at nearest General Motors Dealer or write Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild, Detroit.

Surprising Bathing Suits

Southern High School Girls Enter a Contest for the Oddest Beach Costume and First Place Goes to One Built From a Flat Tire

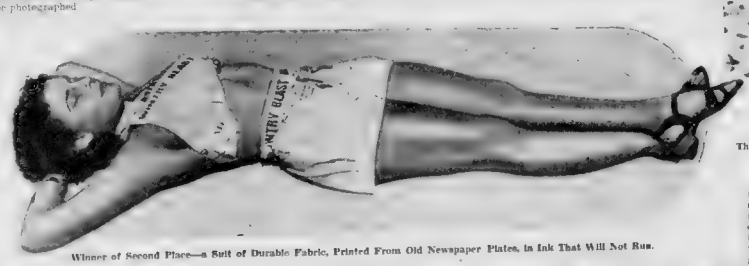
The Old Inner-Tube Suit Started a Fad, and Here's a Group of Pretty Girls Being Fitted in Rubber Costumes That Promised Not to Rip at the Wrong Time

PHOTO'S MIAMI NEWS SERVICE

"Don't Go Near the Water!"—but She Did and Everything Was Fine Until the Palm Fronds Started Snapping Off.

When This Girl Took a Dip Her Sponge Suit Expanded and She Floated Like a Cork.

The Sea Shell Sun Suit on the Left Was First Rate Until the Waves Sat Down, but the Girl on the Right Said Her Alligator Skin Suit Didn't Cramp Her Style



Winner of Second Place—a Suit of Durable Fabric, Printed From Old Newspaper Plates, in Ink That Will Not Run.

When grandma was a girl she used to take her [illegible] in a bathing suit [illegible] with full-length [illegible] regular ruffles tacks and flounces [illegible] attractive ways about their costuming [illegible] was trip down to the sea in [illegible] That was a safe way to get started [illegible] at least maybe photographed [illegible]

[illegible] and camera shutters [illegible] And they did too. [illegible] girls who were there [illegible] interested or at all [illegible] passing for down where [illegible] matter of style [illegible] which, [illegible] conspicuity of the costume [illegible]

[illegible] a bathing suit [illegible] thought as well have [illegible] worn the type [illegible] wore their own [illegible] This one was [illegible] cool cool out in [illegible] a bathing suit [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] something that could be worn [illegible] something [illegible] right [illegible] Miami.

[illegible] caused more [illegible] either of the others, and [illegible] assembled, it came close [illegible] the most popular and [illegible] the art. This was a [illegible] tire inner tube.

As [illegible] as the other girls saw it, [illegible]

How clever! Now why didn't I think of that?

It could be worn in the water all right, and it was certainly economical but somebody always has to take the joy out of life and right away up popped a carping critic who said it wouldn't do because it wasn't constructed out of native Florida material.

Of course the great inventor Thomas Edison had performed some experiments with Florida goldenrod in an effort to perfect a process for extracting rubber from that plant but so far no commercial rubber has been produced in the State, thus the inner-tube suit did not come up to the third requirement.

It was about to be ruled out of the contest when somebody had a happy thought. While commercial rubber has not yet been extracted from goldenrod, nobody could deny that as a haven for tourists of every description, Florida certainly extracts a record quantity of worn-out inner-tubes from the rest of the country, and a fine crop of them can be found in any Miami junk shop.

That being the case, it was decided to extend the rules to include blown-out tires as native Florida material, and the inner-tube suit won first place, by popular acclaim. It deserved it too because it started a fad as far as can be seen in the photograph in the upper right corner of this page which shows a group of Miami high school girls busily engaged in converting discarded inner-tubes into bewitching beach attire. These suits they say have an advantage over those composed of thinner rubber for they are less likely to rip at the wrong time or blow out where they shouldn't.

It was not so easy to decide which entry deserved second place. At first it looked as if this should go to the suit of alligator skin, shown on the right of this page. Here was a material every bit as native to Florida as sunshine, even more so since Florida by no means has a corner on sunshine but just about does control the alligator market. Furthermore, it would not only withstand salt water and be reasonably comfortable in the surf, but would virtually last forever. Still, the original cost was too high, for even though there are plenty of alligators in the Everglades a girl couldn't wade right out, catch one, skin it herself and convert the hide into a bathing suit. There was the tanner to pay, not to mention other middle men. So the alligator skin suit was ruled out.

Shown just to the left of this is the sea shell suit, which was gravely considered from a number of angles and all of them attractive. It was inexpensive enough, since shells of the kind could be picked up on almost any Florida beach, and on that score it likewise met with the requirement of being contrived of native material. And of course it could be worn in the water, but not with sufficient comfort to inspire imitators, as in the case of the rubber suit. As for wearing as a sun suit it was good for that only so long as the wearer was content to stand up. The minute she sat down she would be as unhappy as a novice trying to learn the Hindu fakir trick of sitting on a bed of spikes.

So for a while the decision for second place seemed to lie between the sponge suit, in the center of this page, and the suit of palm fronds on the left—both of these quite obviously consisting of native materials. Any girl who was at all sturdy could shinny up a palm tree and help herself to enough leaves to make a presentable suit of fronds, and she wouldn't have to be much of a cowboy to do it, either. As for sponges, almost anyone [illegible] stuff bleached [illegible] that you was able to [illegible] and scatter over the beach enough of them for this type of suit. So in regard to economy these two materials were neck and neck.

But what about their adaptability to salt water? The girl in the palm frond promised that her suit was practical for this purpose by splashing into the surf and then swimming for a few deft over-arm strokes in the general direction of Cuba. Not to be outdone, the girl [illegible] with sponges plunged through a breaker and as soon as the sponges had [illegible] was soaked she floated around with as little effort as if she had been [illegible] in a life preserver. Her only concern was how long would it be before the sponges began [illegible] off but the girl in the palm fronds was also uneasy for fear they might break out too. For that reason both of these were ruled out, and attention was finally directed toward the languid bathing beauty, shown in the lower part of the page sunning herself in the sand.

Apparently made out of a newspaper, her suit looks as if it were [illegible] to pieces the moment she dived into the water—but such is not the case. It was made of a durable fabric printed from old newspaper plates in an ink that will not wash out, and the cost was trivial.

Ah yes, but was the fabric made of cotton grown in Florida, or some other [illegible]

[illegible] and there you are.

Unblushing Confessions of a Fam... "G...

Mme. Otero, Former Stage Queen, Reveals With Astonishing Fr...kness H...
She Made Her Rich Lovers Pay for Her Fav...
and Then Foolishly Tossed Away Her Mon...
and Jewels as Fast as She Acquired Them

La Belle Otero in a Dramatic Pose.

The Ladies of the Ensemble Having the Finishing Touches Put on Their Costumes by the Wardrobe Mistress Just Before They Go on the Stage at the Paris Folies Bergere.

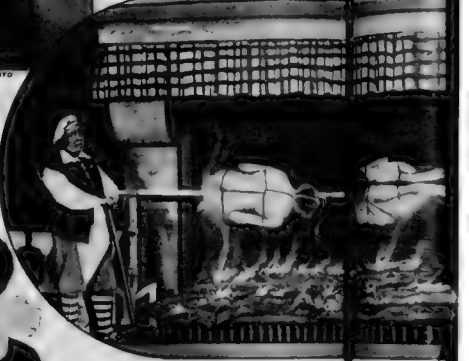
WITH a frankness hardly to... Madame Caroline Otero, th... eration as ... —as a stage star and ... a courtesan.

But if La Belle Ot... to them for jewels and ... dancer and stripped her ... of her gems.

"Ever since my ... sans G... tomed to see the fuce ... of a man as ... sire. Many women will ... this as homage. Is it so ... fume people long to inhale ...

La Belle Otero foll... herself forlorn and alone ... hearts.

Four suicides Mme Otero lists ... on her account, but how many ... lovers were driven to financial ruin to ... catalog. Otero's memoirs printed on ... own moral lesson.



Always at the Notorious Folies Bergere May Be Seen One Where Two Chefs Are Broiling a Pair of Shad Slowly Revolve in Front of Blazing and Ov... Open Fire.

Affectionate Photograph of Mme. Otero Sitting on the Knee of Prince Pierre, Who Frittered Away His Entire Fortune on Otero.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

I have told how my father was killed in a duel with the lover of my attractive but evil Spanish gipsy mother, of my wretched home life and how I ran away with a boy sweetheart. Almost with my first stage engagement I found a rich admirer, a banker, who set me up in an apartment and loaded me with jewels.

Surfeited with this life of a pampered bird in a gilded cage, I left my rich banker friend and became the petted darling of a wealthy young Spaniard, but his parents separated us.

Foolishly I married a handsome baritone singer, a decayed Italian Count, who gambled away all I had saved and then disappeared. But I recouped the fortunes of myself, my maid and my dog by triumphal engagements in Paris and New York.

Having stupidly thrown away at the Monte Carlo gambling tables the 700,000 francs I had brought back from America, I found engagements in Berlin and Vienna and, incidentally, became the sweetheart of a very rich German banker.

CHAPTER V.
By CAROLINE OTERO.
(Continued from Last Sunday)

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MY engagements in Germany and Austria having been closed, I played next in Hungary and Rumania—and always with adventures. I liked the look of Bucharest, the capital of Rumania, with its innumerable churches, its narrow streets, its palatial houses and lovely gardens. My songs and dances went down well with the Rumanians, and the performance was a great success. The impresario was delighted with the receipts, night after night.

I remember being literally possessed at that time with the spirit of dance and music. The gipsy orchestra, as I have already said, has a kind of sorcery for me. After the show, I was always invited to supper, and at the end of the meal I would dance again—wildly, madly, throwing into the dance all my ecstasy of living, in a kind of joyous, sensuous frenzy.

Someone declared that I was like a bacchante possessed by a god. Another man, after I had danced a fandango, came up to me gravely and said in a serious voice:

"The most austere anchorite, living on vegetables and water, could not see you dance the fandango, Mademoiselle, without throwing his sandals and his vows to the devil!"

One night, Riederman, an ugly but very charming and sympathetic admirer, gave a supper in my honor. I danced with such passion and fire that he was carried away, and threw me first his purse, then his jewelry, everything he had about him. Pretending I was back in the cabarets of Seville, I danced barefoot, with the greatest abandon possible, and suddenly, by way of a joke, I opened the restaurant door and danced through it into the public street. Riederman beckoned to the orchestra and to my guitarists, and all followed me out.

It had been snowing, it was very cold, and on the white carpet which stretched as far as eye could see the moonlight glittered and made the most fantastic shadows. It was an almost unearthly effect. I danced, barefoot in the snow, to the door of my hotel, followed by my guitarists, the orchestra and all the guests at supper, who made a triumphal cortege round me.

It must have been something of a picture, the dancer in the light of the moon, her steps soundless in the soft whiteness of the snow, graceful enough, no doubt, too, but, as it happened a rather costly tableau, for the stainless carpet was more than a little chilly. My whim cost me six weeks in bed with congestion of the lungs.

Riederman surrounded me with solicitude and overwhelmed me with delicacies of every kind. They kept my turn open for me, and I began my performances again as soon as I was well. The merry evenings too, began again. I remember specially one supper, given by Nargilesco, that might have ended tragically enough.

Wishing to do a kindness to a colleague called Thieval, a cafe-concert artiste passing through Bucharest, I had brought her along to Nargilesco's supper. There was a very large gathering that night, and wine that inflamed the brain. One of the guests, Guido Vesco, chose to insult Thieval in the course of some dispute:

"Look at this little nobody giving herself airs!" he exclaimed. "I knew her in Paris when she was by no means so fastidious!"

Always too ready to play Don Quixote, as the worthy Larcheveque had said, I was furious at the insult to a poor girl who had no one to stand up for her, and I proceeded to box Guido's ears for him. This made a great scandal. The insulter was beaten, but he chose to make Riederman responsible for my action and actually challenged him to a duel. Seconds were hastily chosen, and we had the curious spectacle of a duel fought inside a room, with the lookers-on still sitting at their supper.

Riederman was very slightly wounded. It was my turn to lavish care upon him, and I stayed with him until I had to leave to take up my next engagement—this time at Moscow.

The Moscow cafe-concert where I had been engaged at a thousand rubles a night was a queer little place. The hall was too small for the manager to make any profit, once having paid his artistes. Fortunately, Montos, the manager, had other strings to his bow. Every artiste had to undertake, in his contract, that he would do a "private room turn"; which is to say that he or she would accept a private supper invitation after the performance, and enliven it with song and dance for the entertainment of the richer patrons of the place.

I refused to sign any such contract. It seemed to make me too much the prisoner of the management. I would certainly agree to dance and sing, but not by compulsion; I wished to feel free to refuse any particular invitation that did not attract me. It was obvious that these little suppers were among Montos's principal resources.

I therefore accepted, but only in principle. I paid my guitarists myself and received five hundred rubles a time for attending supper, dancing and singing. Sometimes I had two or three such suppers on the same night.

Anna Tredane was at Moscow just then. It was she, with her brother, who invented the "reversed" waltz that was fashionable for so long. It was far more graceful and animated and exciting to watch than those tangoes where the dancers, with solemn faces, gingerly revolve in one another's embrace. I was extremely supple, and I soon learned to do this waltz alone, throwing myself completely backwards without any support from Evariste. Naturally, Anna Tredane was jealous of me; one night, hiding behind some scenery, she threw some dirty water onto my dress, spoiling it completely. I thought this hooliganism so vulgar that I disdained to take any action beyond getting compensation for my dress.

Another night, Montos passed on to me an invitation to supper with an immensely wealthy sheep farmer. I took my troupe with me and I danced for the sole benefit of this man, who had been turned into a millionaire by the sale of his flocks without losing anything of his rustic coarseness and bestiality. I remember my disgust at his unsavory beard and unkempt hair. Luckily, it was only to be a supper. It would soon be over.

I danced away. The farmer had been drinking, and got more and more excited. He shouted and gesticulated while I danced, his guttural cries giving an extraordinarily barbaric impression. As soon as I stopped, he implored me to begin again, more excited than ever. Suddenly he stooped to his great boots, drew pieces of gold out of them, and began to pelt me with them.

How truly picturesque and characteristic he was, after all, that Moscow sheep merchant! I can still see him, with his great swollen face, his enormous beard and his huge, hairy hands, throwing me pieces of gold as another might throw confetti.

While I was dancing, I noticed him confabbing with the maitre-d'hotel. I stopped, and was given something to drink. Champagne is what I take; but this time I was handed an iced cup that I found delicious. It had cognac, red wine, champagne, and various liqueurs among its ingredients. The mixture hopelessly intoxicated me, and for a few minutes I lost all clear idea of what was happening.

All of a sudden, I came to myself as if a cold douche had been poured over my head. My guitarists had gone, I was alone with the sheep farmer, and suddenly I saw him turn a handle and open a panel in the wall, which "gave" and disclosed—a bed, completely equipped! When I saw the little private supper-room of the restaurant suddenly turned into a bedroom, and found myself alone with this savage towering over me, strong... with his coarse hands and attempting to embr... me, I struggled like a demon, and began to scr... at the top of my voice.

I was a stronger opponent than the m... had anticipated; he had believed he could b... down my resistance in no time. I went almost m... He kept trying to seize me, but my dancer's s... pleness helped me; I found his great face close ... mine—a back somersault saved me. I seized h... of everything in the room that could help me ... he parried my attacks and continued the str... for what seemed an interminable time. But I w... indomitable; he actually took fright at last ... self, seeing the sheer frenzy I was in and cra... for protection under the supper-table. My str... and the sound of crashing china and glass at ... made them force the locked door of the room ... was saved.

The noise of the fight brought in the police ... the scandal thus caused was not quickly forg... Terrified at the savagery of this unknown colo... and afraid of a repetition, next day I went to P... ginsky, the head of the police force and told ... the whole story. He was most affable and ... and—enterprising. Though I had only gone to ... to lodge a complaint, my visit lasted four da...

It was not that the Police Commissioner ... particularly seductive; he was hardly more re... than my sheep merchant—but necessarily knew ... law. And I thought it best to secure protection ... myself, so that my remaining days should be ... molested in this land, where the good pleasure ... the great was everything at that time.

Praginsky had the Montos establishment cl... for the time, and I was taken on at the Mari... Theatre at St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg! St. Petersburg! I had ... seen much of brilliant night life in the capitals ... never had I imagined anything like the splen... and the reckless extravagance of the circle ... Petersburg of which I found myself the centr... included many Grand Dukes and the Czarev... and brilliant supper parties always followed ... nightly ovation at the theatre.

Here is an extract from one of the lead... newspapers:

"At St. Petersburg, Senora Otero is turn... everybody's head. One night, Colonel X. of ... Chevaliers-Gardes had the brilliant idea, in ... course of a supper at Cuba's, to present her to ... company, served au naturel upon a silver dish ...

"One may imagine that the Senora, fashi... like a Velasquez or a Murillo Virgin, was a sum... fou!

"The Russians went down on their knees b... the Beauty, and this pretty act transformed ... scene from all vulgarity into what might have b...

"Gold-Digger"

ishing Frankness How s Pay for ler Favors d Away er Money he Acquir Them

"All of a sudden I came to myself as if a cold douche had been poured over my head, and I found myself alone, with this savage towering over me, stroking me with his coarse hands and attempting to embrace me. I struggled like a demon and began to scream at the top of my voice.

"I went almost mad. He kept trying to seize me, but my dancer's suppleness helped me; I found his great face close to mine—a back somersault saved me. I seized hold of everything in the room that could help me, but he parried my attacks and continued the struggle for what seemed an interminable time.

"But I was indomitable; he actually took fright at last himself, seeing the sheer frenzy I was in, and crawled for protection under the supper-table. My shrieks and the sound of crashing china and glass made them force the locked door of the room. I was saved."

olies Bergere May Be Ru... Broiling a Pair of Sha... Slowly Revolve in Front ... Open Fire.

Daring and Original Acts. Here Is ...Girls on a Spit Which They

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from one of the leading ...

Senora Otero is turning ... night, Colonel X of the ... ...ne brilliant idea in the ... ...ba's, to present her to the ... ...irel upon a silver dish ... ...at the Senora's fashionable ... ...urillo Virgin, was a success ...

...own on their knees before ... ...retty act transformed the ... into what might have been ...

...ked anywhere. ...ure of a gen... ...inary life ... ...d her charms ...petit, Spanish ... ...ave been accus... ...ge last with de... ...s! I have taken ...ver whose per... ...taste."

...esse and finds ... and her sweet...

...ed themselves ...w many ... es she does not ...es preach their ...

...ymbolic group of ancient Greece—Phryne be... ...r her judges. The strength and intensity of ...ing that possessed these men before this per... ...n of line proves that, whether the medium be ...marble of the sculptor or the colors of the ...ist or living flesh-and-blood, man feels before ...y the worshipfulness of Art. One may say, ...at the miracle of art and the miracle of love are ...and the same."

And here is an extract from a letter from ...ore Peter:

"I have frequently imagined myself in love, but ...t it seems to me that I have never known be... ...what love meant. It is a pity to forget past ...ons to the point of denying their existence, ...how can I help it? You are so beautiful, so ...ful my little dancer! The provocative smile ...in your eyes, the delicate grace of your supple ...—that statue in warm marble! The very first ...t I saw you dance, it seemed as if every step ...every gesture would live for ever in my heart. ...at joy to be able to give you everything you ...

"What follies I would commit to please you! I ...ze fully that I am acting foolishly. So much ...worse for me! Nitchevo! When the fatal ar... ...n once sped, no shield of prudence will inter... ...t.

"No one could hope to find a more charming and ...-natured man than Prince Peter, the Grand ...Alexander's aide-de-camp. He was no longer ...g, perhaps: but he was more ardent and in ...than a young man. He spoilt me to the limit ...spoiling, and often said caressingly:

"'Run me, Ninoutchka, if you like, but never, ...leave me!'"

...made no secret of returning his affection ..., and was therefore all the more surprised ...e behavior of Prince Barola. I may have ...d with him a little, but not more than with ...other man. Is everyone I smile at or speak ...to to think himself entitled to behave as ...?

Besides, the Prince ought to have known that ...few women were—shall we say "worthy of ... He certainly paid me attentions, and I ...sed to him all the more freely in that he hap... ...ed to be Prince Peter's oldest friend. It was ...later I learned that Russians have not the ...st scruple about their attitude towards those ...are loved by their best friends, and I was en... ...without any arriere-pensee where Prince ...a was concerned.

One night, instead of calling for me at the the... Prince Peter had told me he would wait for ...at his own place. After the performance, the ...e Barola presented himself, alleging that he ...been asked to escort me to supper at Prince Peter's. I started with him, suspecting absolutely nothing. It was snowing. When the carriage stopped, I got out, muffled to the eyes in all my heavy furs, without so much as glancing round me to see where I was.

The moment I was inside the building, I saw at once that it was not Prince Peter's. I stopped dead on the threshold. Barola noticed my hesitation, and pushed me in with gentle force. I began to be anxious when I discovered that we were in his own drawing-room.

As he removed my furs, the giant came quite close to me and sniggered:

"Ah, ha! my little gipsy, here you are at last! This time, you don't escape me, I promise you. Ah! You thought you could inflame me as you inflame all the others, did you, and get off scot free? Laugh at me afterwards, eh? No, no, my lovely gipsy, you are my prey now, and Prince Barola is going to show you if he can be safely trifled with or not!"

He looked at me with an ironic complacency that maddened me with rage. I had had enough of these abductions and surprises, and I could have leapt at his throat. I do not pick my words when I am angry, and after I had told him some of what I thought and felt he saw that it would be prudent to leave the room.

"Calm yourself, my little gipsy," he remarked as he went out, locking the door after him. I could hear him talking to a servant in the hall, then he seemed to go away.

I was overwhelmed with terror. I remembered Barola's reputation, and the fear of him that women felt in general. I thought of dear Prince Peter, waiting for me, with his gentle ways and tender words. And this great brute, who might come back at any moment.

No, no, it must not happen. The room I was locked up in was on the first floor. With unheard of efforts and a strength doubled by terror, I managed to open the double windows. I looked round for my furs. The Prince had carried them away. My shoulders were bare, and the air from the open windows was cold enough to cut my breath in two. It was snowing. In Russia, the temperature is often 20 or 30 degrees below zero. But none of this affected me. I was determined to get away at any cost. The window was only about seven feet above the ground. I dropped and my fall was broken by the snow.

To be without wraps in the snow of a Winter's night in Russia is equivalent to suicide, but I did not realize that. I had to fly, fly. Luckily for me (and without that piece of luck I should certainly not be here to tell the tale) a sledge was passing at the moment. I shouted and shouted.

The driver, all wrapped up in his sheepskins, heard me. He turned his head in my direction, and cried out in his amazement at seeing a woman in full evening dress, without a wrap, alone in the street at 4 o'clock in the morning. It was as startling an apparition as if he had seen Satan with his hoof and horns appear before him. The good driver got down from his seat. He threw over me his own dirty, flea-filled coat, and helped me to get into the sleigh. I gave him Prince Peter's address, and he took me there as quickly as his horse was capable of moving.

"My God! My God! Poor lady! Poor lady!" he kept exclaiming, as he drove along.

When we arrived at Prince Peter's house, the worthy driver got down when I did, and wrapped his rugs round me as if he were doing up a parcel. Without paying the least attention to Prince Peter, who had been most anxiously awaiting me and kept plying him with questions, the good fellow poured a drink of vodka down my throat, and covered me with everything he could lay his hands on.

The doctor, sent for in hot haste, declared that the driver had saved my life by his promptness. You may well imagine that Prince Peter rewarded him lavishly.

All the same, I was dangerously ill for four whole months as the result of this escapade. Prince Peter, at whose house I was nursed, gave me proofs of real tenderness and the gentlest solicitude.

Later on, when next I met Prince Barola, who was by this time feeling somewhat small, I said to him:

"You have behaved like the most wretched coward. You knew that Princes and servants cannot be called out and made to fight."

The gigantic brute only smiled into his beard and shrugged his shoulders.

When nearly recovered my doctor advised me to leave Russia and finish my convalescence in France. Prince Peter decided to come with us. So did one of his friends, Grichi Gourbazoff, who said he needed to travel to cure him from the effects of an unpleasant experience. Gourbazoff was very rich, and he had a mistress whom he treated royally and was deeply attached to. One day, thanks to his liberality, the lady of his heart found herself rich enough to follow her own tastes and left her unfortunate lover for a bankrupt Prince, whom she proceeded to marry. Poor Grichi! However, it was evident pretty soon that, in spite of his great friendship with Prince Peter, he was quite ready to subject him to the same misfortune that had been inflicted on him by the bankrupt Prince.

One morning, Prince Peter read in his newspaper that the old Baron Ollstreder, father of the Baron who had been my lavish admirer, was on his deathbed. Then I remembered those bits of paper I had torn up with such a noble gesture and which my maid had stuck together again and given me to keep.

It seemed to me essential that the Prince and his friend should go direct to Paris, but that I should stay a day or two at Berlin en route to find out whether the Baron would repudiate his signature or honor it.

As soon as we arrived in Berlin, I asked the Baron's friend, Count Nuremberg, to come and see me and explained my claim on the Baron for 400,000 francs. The Baron, it appears, grew apoplectic at the very mention of the claim, and threatened to have us turned out of the country if we persisted. He remembered that the paper had been torn up, and thought we had not the faintest chance of proving any claim against his inheritance. A lawsuit seemed necessary; so I entrusted my case to the advocate Friedman and we continued our journey to Paris.

We were soon installed at the Hotel Chatham, where Prince Peter was always generous and charming. Grichi was considerably less charming, but quite as generous. All the more credit to him for he got nothing in return. It required some adroitness in encouraging and discouraging admirers both at once: I had to see to it that my lover and my would-be lover dwelt in amity. One day, while I was resting, there was a comic incident. Grichi, who had no rights, made a jealous scene. The Prince, who was the most sympathetic and delicate of men, replied to him gently:

"Listen, Grichi. We have been friends a good long time. You are like a brother to me, and I don't want either to fight you or to quarrel with you. We will ask Ninoutchka to choose between us—you or me."

And when I came in they solemnly asked me to choose between them. I was at first annoyed to find them in such a serious mood. I still adored Prince Peter, but it vexed me to have to give up a devoted friend and admirer like the other. I looked at them without speaking for a moment, then suddenly burst out laughing and replied:

"I came, so nicely, to fetch you out to have some fun, and here I find two faces as grim as prison gates. Don't worry me with your silly old tales! Come, come! Don't let's talk of such things! A good dinner, and you'll have forgotten it all."

And we went out once more, all three together. I soon began rehearsals at the Folies Bergere. Prince Peter was summoned back to St. Petersburg by despatches. Grichi was not well, and went to the South of France.

I made my debut at the Folies, and the news-

(Continued on Page 22)

Skyscraper Shakedown

by Parke Hardy

The Story of a Racket in Real Estate.

Complete in This Issue.

MR. HUBERT TRENT, paced the floor of his office angrily. But it was cold anger that burned in his steel-blue eyes, a coldly measured pace that took him back and forth. The old man's "horse face," as his critics put it, seldom professed emotion of any kind, but today it showed trenchant disgust.

That slimy crook!" he ground through his teeth. "That demagogue-gangster, that political Black Widow! He's going too far by heaven when he muscles in on my business. Listen, Fanning, do you realize the full meaning of that law he put through the legislature?"

Mr. Trent, a vigorous, well-preserved person of middle age, shrugged his shoulders. "Shard says he is taxing the rich, soaking the 'giant corporations' to relieve the little fellow.' But I can't see what taxing the insurance companies has to do with the bonds I asked you about."

The lawyer glanced at him unbelievingly. "You can't? For heaven's sake, Fanning, you're a business man, a shrewd one, too. If you can't see it, how under the sun can those moron voters see it—the people who keep Shard where he is! Don't you see when he robs the insurance companies he robs widows and orphans, small investors? He discourages needed money that comes into the State, just because it's outside capital?"

"But he's just taxing the insurance companies the same way they are taxed in the States where they are organized, isn't he?"

Mr. Trent snorted. "That's the way the average voter swallows it, yes—it looks so innocent. But it's a shakedown that's all it is—the most damnable graft scheme any politician anywhere ever had the nerve to try."

"But what does the graft come in?" An insurance company just pays us the same tax it pays in the State where it has its home office, you say."

"But the tax is retroactive. It goes back to the day each company first started to do business in this State. The boys who had brains in the legislature didn't even know the meaning of 'retroactive.' All they know the meaning of is a word Shard,' the political bug-a-boo! And they put through that half-a-million dollar robbery for him—that's all it is—conspiracy, extortion. All the big insurance companies will just have to get out of business in this State or abandon millions in equities or 'pay up' to Shard."

"They own the bulk of the foreclosed properties, too."

"Right! And one of the companies owns you, Fanning, if what you tell me is true. If everything you've got is tied up in the Century Building—the tallest skyscraper in the State—hah!"

Mr. Trent's secretary, Miss Norma Wells, looked up quickly from the filing cabinet she had been consulting, on the other side of the room.

"What's that?" snapped Fanning, paling. "How do you mean?"

"I mean," said the old man tersely, "that one of the insurance companies I represent, the Vigilance Life, holds a four hundred thousand dollar first mortgage on that building, which is overdue. That loan must be refinanced, and the company has been trying to give the owners a chance. But along comes Shard, with his piracy tax on insurance companies, and what happens? The Vigilance Life says 'nothing doing' on further loans in this State. And people like you, Fanning, hold the bag—for you own a big block of the second mortgage bonds on the Century Building. And as you know only too well, the individual owners of the second mortgage bonds have given their personal endorsement on the first mortgage."

Fanning's hand groped over a suddenly perspiring brow. "You mean they'll sweep us out—they wouldn't do that—"

"They wouldn't, perhaps, but Shard leaves them no choice. If he extorts this graft from the insurance companies he'll be extorting it from you—and from thousands of other people in this State, indirectly."

Norma Wells, on her way to the office door, faltered in consternation, started to speak.

"But what does the grafter get out of it?" sputtered Fanning. "The money goes to the State Treasury."

"Treasury? Forget it. There'll never be a nickel of this tax collected. Shard has had suit brought against five big insurance companies, to recover these 'back taxes.' The amount involved is 'way up in the millions. But the suit will never come to trial. It will be settled out of court, and that's where the shake-down comes. The five companies have people in the State now trying to settle it. If it can be settled in such a way that Shard can get his graft, he will give his promise that the tax law will be repealed at the next session of the legislature. And the companies will pay—they'll have to, one way or another—and people like you will foot the bill."

Old Mr. Trent paused to look inquiringly at his secretary, and she left the room in confusion.

Mr. Fanning was agitated now. "But isn't there something we can do?"

"To stop this graft, do you mean?" "Yes." The old man shook his head. "Absolutely nothing, Fanning, if you will excuse me. I've had an idea taking form in my mind ever since you mentioned the Century Building. We'll use it for bait, Fanning. I know that the tallest skyscraper in the State—worth two million dollars. Well, set a thief to catch a thief, and I know just the thief—Sam Quickett, the greatest crook in my business. He's a henchman of Shard's, too, just the go-between we want."

"Yes, Hubert, but how—"

"You listen to me carefully. Then you go to Sam Quickett and tell him just what I tell you, to say nothing more. He doesn't know you're a friend of mine, and don't mention my name. We'll wait, and maybe Sam Quickett will do the rest for us. If he doesn't, I'm no judge of real estate crooks."

When, nearly an hour later, Mr. Fanning left his office Mr. Trent's secretary rose hesitantly from her desk outside and then hurried in with some resolution to see him.

"Oh, Mr. Trent, there's something—"

The tone she used caught him to glance up with quick comprehension. "What's wrong, Miss Wells?"

Her face was white. "I couldn't help overhearing, a while ago, when you were talking about—those bonds."

"What bonds? Oh—the Century business? What about them?"

"Oh, don't you remember that you told me, Mr. Trent, that they were—a good thing to buy?"

He looked at her blankly. "What's that? You mean did I recommend an investment for you?"

Her fingers toyed nervously with a pencil. "Why, yes, sir—you've been so busy you just forgot, I guess."

"I don't seem to remember," he said vaguely. "It must have been some time ago."

"Yes, sir, over two years ago," she faltered. "But they've been holding up wonderfully, Hugh said. He was keeping track of them—that's why I was so surprised, just now. Hugh put nearly all his savings in them, too."

"Hugh—Hugh Porter! Put all his money into those bonds? The young chap you've been talking about marrying?"

She flushed and paled again. "Yes, sir—you see, we thought we had enough ahead—and Hugh was going into business next month as a public accountant—and that's

When Mr. Hubert Trent Returned From Lunch He found His Secretary Doubled Over Her Typewriter, Sobbing.

why I asked you if you could—find somebody else—but now—" Her voice broke and the tears started. "Now I guess it isn't any use—you won't have to—find somebody else."

The old man was pacing the floor again. "Perhaps I did say—two years ago they were a good investment. But conditions change—you should have asked me, before you advised your friend."

"It was all my fault," she sobbed. "I told him you said they were safe—the biggest office building in the State."

He patted her arm. "Now listen," he said soothingly. "You sit tight in the boat, and tell your friend Hugh to sit tight. I have reason to believe that things are going to work out all right, in time."

"But couldn't we—sell the bonds now—even if we lost—"

"I'm afraid not," he said gravely. "They're in distress, because the building is in trouble. We'll have to wait."

"But I've got to tell Hugh, and I'm—I'm afraid to."

"You tell Hugh to come to see me."

He watched her wretchedly as she tried to dry her eyes, and, leaving the room, forced a smile at him.

"A man who is fool enough," he patted "to advise his friends on investments."

Mr. Fanning, closeted in a super-office with Mr. Samuel Quickett, Real Estate and Investments, found himself listening to a ruddy and unprepossessing letter. He had gone to Quickett ostensibly as he had got to Mr. Trent for a loan about this loan.

Mr. Quickett was full and overflowing in expressions of sympathy and more interesting data-bonds. He was well versed in the details of the second mortgage bonds on the Century Building. The first mortgage is in trouble, you say, and you sure with the second mortgage bonds seem to have guaranteed the first, held by the Vigilance Life. What's the trouble? Why won't the Vigilance Life refinance that big first mortgage?"

"That's what I thought you could tell me," said Mr. Fanning unhappily. "There's a rumor the big insurance companies are afraid to renew any loans—on account of that insurance tax law Simon Shard put through."

"Shard put through?" snapped Quickett belligerently. "You mean the legislature put through?"

"Oh, yes, of course." The tone was quickly mollifying. "I just mentioned Mr. Shard's name because I knew you had influence with him, and I felt sure he would listen to you. I thought maybe if you went to him and told him how desperate our situation is—the second mortgage bondholders, I mean—why, don't you see, Mr. Quickett, what it means to us?" Mr. Fanning leaned forward tensely, and realistic sweat beaded his brow. "Why, if the Vigilance Life won't renew that first mortgage, they'll probably assign it—get rid of it, get out from under—won't they?"

Quickett shrugged, glanced quickly at Fanning, then drummed on his desk with his fingers. "Hmm—well, I suppose they might. No chance for the owners of the building to redeem?"

"Not a chance, Mr. Quickett, they'll simply lose it. Whoever gets hold of that mortgage will simply demand payment due to default—and then what happens to us second mortgage bondholders? We guaranteed the first. To save foreclosure and a suit for judgment we'll simply have to deliver our interest for a complete release—if we get out that light. We'll lose every penny." Mr. Fanning by now was almost in tears.

Quickett feigned impatience, but there was a lower level of thoughtfulness in his busy mind which was reflected in his tone: "All perfectly true, but what can I do about it—or Mr. Shard? It's your trouble, not his. He's busy with affairs of state, he can't mix in private business like that."

Fanning pleaded urgently: "But don't you see he's our last chance? All he's got to do is wave his big stick at this greedy insurance company and say: 'Now look here—you're not going to pull a thing like this, you're not going to ruin everybody connected with the Century Building just because you're mad because we taxed you. If you do, at the next session of the legislature we'll double that tax—that's what we'll do to you!' Suppose he told them something like that? Maybe he could force them to refinance that loan."

Mr. Quickett arose brusquely and his voice was stern with faked indignation. "Now look here, Fanning, you're barking up the wrong tree if you're trying to get me to mix business with politics. I can't do it—I'm not that way. Mr. Shard is a friend of mine but he—I do politics that way."

Mr. Quickett afford to bargain with 'em over your private troubles."

"Then you won't do anything for us?" said Mr. Fanning desperately.

She Slipped a Ring Off the Next to the Little Finger on Her Left Hand and Put It on the Table.

"I can't. Now if you'll excuse me—I'm very busy."

Quickett sat at his desk gloating in cigar smoke for fully ten minutes after the dejected Mr. Fanning had left. He slapped his thigh and chuckled: "We get the building a two million dollar building—that's all." Then he opened the door to his outer office to make sure his visitor had disappeared. He picked up his private telephone and called Mr. Simon Shard at the State capital.

"It's all settled now, Simon," he chortled. "I've got the procedure all mapped out . . . Oh, it's a cinch, just assignment of a mortgage,—that's all . . . Yeah. Well, I've cudgeled my brain for days over this, and just now an inspiration hit me—just like a flash . . . What's that? Oh, they were, were they? All five of them? Well, you can have another conference with them tomorrow. I'll be up to see you tonight . . . Right. I'm starting now."

At the same moment Mr. Fanning was telephoning Mr. Hubert Trent.

"So you think he took the bait, eh?" said the old man drily.

"Hook, line and sinker! As a matter of fact he bawled me out but I could see that under the surface he really wanted to thank me for the tip."

MR. HUGH PORTER took Miss [illegible] but the cheery restaurant was a d[illegible] Even the waiter wondered if Mr. Hunter [illegible] ah, I why Miss Wells was so down [illegible]

"But darling I tell you [illegible]

"It was one of [illegible] Hugh said [illegible] a foul enough to take on [illegible] be cleared out."

But I tell you it was not fair [illegible]

"That's the way with those big boys [illegible] their confidential information just be a [illegible] point that they control a se[illegible] of some poor fool in listening who can't afford it [illegible]

"Stop it, Hugh. You're not going to talk [illegible] "Treat that way. And you're not [illegible] for [illegible]

"Who asked you a poor fool [illegible]

"You just might as well have. I've [illegible] over it was no fault. I had no business [illegible] Trent said it was a sound investment [illegible] thought they looked good."

"Well, then, why don't he warn you when he [illegible] there was going to be trouble? Why [illegible] a chance to unload?"

But I told you, dear, he has forgotten about it [illegible] said anything. I myself don't [illegible] tell me directly, or whether I just [illegible] to me coolly about the [illegible]

"Well we're sunk. Hugh said despairingly. "[illegible] do we owe everything we put in it but [illegible] see we're good for if they want to [illegible] Everything we've plunged in will [illegible] because that old stick-in-the-[illegible]

"Don't you dare talk about Mr. Trent that [illegible]

"I'll talk about him. I'll [illegible] you've [illegible]

"I think you're perfectly horrid."

"I think everybody's horrid."

"I suppose I'm to count myself in on that [illegible] she said frigidly.

"You're just trying to pick a fuss—[illegible] I feel."

"You talk as though this miserable old [illegible] was everything—"

"It was everything in the way of money. We've [illegible] all off now."

"It was all off," Norma said in a low [illegible] minutes ago."

"Oh, I didn't mean that, darling." "But I mean it." She rose and put down her napkin carefully. "It was all my fault, Hugh, and I'm very sorry. I'm just d-dumb, that's all."

She slipped a ring off the next to the [illegible] her left hand, and put it on the table [illegible] restaurant with Hugh expostulating in her wake.

Fifteen minutes later, when Mr. Trent returned from lunch he found his secretary doubled up over her typewriter, sobbing.

"Here, here, goodness gracious and [illegible] damn," he said. "What's going on here? Have you lost your pencil or something?"

Norma's shoulders only shook a little [illegible] response.

He patted her with a kindly hand. "Now listen Miss Wells, the only thing an old man can [illegible] you in a case like this, is that you're probably exaggerating. I'll bet you a nickel it isn't as bad as you think."

She said in a muffled tone, shivering. "You j-just don't know, Mr. Trent, I've lost—everything."

"What do you mean—those mangy bonds again?"

She looked up in heartrained appeal. "It's not that—it's Hugh."

"So? Now, you've been rocking the boat, [illegible] you." And I told you to sit tight. I told you to [illegible] to me, didn't I?"

"But he—he talked about you so awful—I just despise him."

"Tush, tush—who cares who talks about me? Here now, you cheer up and dry up. Somebody's coming up to see us."

The somebody was a home office [illegible] Vigilance Life who had been closeted with [illegible] often of late. He was a man of legal aspects [illegible] the innocuance of an envoy. His name was [illegible]

Gibbs said after the door was carefully [illegible] I've come to tell you good-bye, Mr. Trent. The [illegible] ference at the capital was very satisfactory. As far as we are concerned the matter is closed and [illegible] you've got out very cheaply."

"Why, what's the old man [illegible] dollars apiece for the five insurance [illegible] that four hundred thousand dollar first [illegible] bad at all. You could have lost a million."

"But no figures please, Mr. Peters. [illegible] a penny has changed hands. We don't go in for [illegible] or compounding a felony."

"But when you're held up," says the [illegible] "you'd rather pay than be an dead at [illegible] work it—did he organize a drive to [illegible] Century Building mortgage could be [illegible]

"Yes."

"I from which Shard, of [illegible] the [illegible] profits."

Gibbs shrugged.

"And the promise now is that the [illegible] insurance companies will be reasonable [illegible] session."

"That is the promise. And if the [illegible] word."

"Oh, he will. Why not? Two [illegible] is a pretty good haul. And now that we [illegible] the first mortgage he can easily [illegible] All he has to do is to threaten the second [illegible] holders, who guaranteed the first [illegible] have to sign over all their interest [illegible] get a release."

"But," said Mr Gibbs, "is what [illegible] doing."

The old man paused [illegible] Mr. Gibbs, I've got some good friends [illegible] holders. I hate to see them cheated out [illegible] you saw crying out there is one of them. You [illegible] thing she had—fifteen hundred I think."

"Yes, I know," said Gibbs unconfortably [illegible] fully tough on those people. But what can we [illegible] just a stick-up. Our hands are up and our [illegible] wall. We're lucky not to be ruined by this tax [illegible]

"Right. I know all that. All I want to do is to make you a proposition. You five boys get together right [illegible] your five companies will agree, as you agreed on this other matter, to protect these second mortgage bondholders—"

"But we couldn't—we can't spend another dollar."

"Let me finish. If you'll agree to do that I'll do something for you. I'll insure the insurance companies against any more political holdups in this State—I'll send Simon Shard to prison!"

An expression of astonishment and then of intense

(Continued on Page 24).

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Z.B.T. Olive Oil BABY POWDER

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Proxy Princess

By Clinton Lowndes

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CORINNE TRAVIS, office secretary, is [illegible] the exact double of Anna Lind, screen star. Anna [illegible] a week to [illegible] nationwide per[illegible] the actress [illegible] to patch [illegible] with von Brock [illegible] Anna has [illegible] was blacklisted from Hollywood by Anna's studio executives, who didn't want Anna to break her [illegible] The only ones who know of Corinne's substitution are Zip Carter, Anna's manager, and Eunice Vernon and Jessie [illegible] secretary-companions [illegible] she is working for Anna Lind.

[illegible] a hawk-[illegible] and [illegible] Zip [illegible] Fred Jones [illegible] friend who is the [illegible] of Fred F. Jones, screen [illegible] suspects what she is doing [illegible] Zip [illegible] to [illegible] are [illegible] Corinne [illegible] at a Montreal night club. Steve W[illegible], Anna's publicity man, tells her that the disguise she affects to avoid notice by the public had been described in a [illegible] magazine [illegible] leaves the club with Fred they are photographed.

Walter Gaylord, wealthy air sportsman, also follows Corinne in the belief that she is Anna Lind. [illegible] had encountered Corinne in New York and had kissed her. Gaylord mistakenly believes that Anna loves him. Corinne keeps a rendezvous with him. Still unaware that Corinne is not Anna Lind, Walter again kisses her and [illegible] despite herself, then tells him she must never see him again.

The newspapers publish the photo of Corinne and Fred Jones leaving the Montreal night club, playing up the story as a secret rendezvous between Anna Lind and the comedian Fred F. Jones. The screen star denies it from Hollywood, and Anna's studio believes the story a stupid publicity gag engineered by Whickett, the publicity man, almost loses his job.

Corinne now realizes that she loves Walter. But she feels obliged to break with him. Zip shows a [illegible] appearance [illegible] of Pittsburgh [illegible] Anna's [illegible] Pasadena [illegible] not give out advance notices of their itinerary to anyone and only tells the theatre managers a few hours in advance. Corinne is despondent because of her broken love affair.

Fred [illegible] that Zip [illegible] him to their party [illegible] disguise [illegible] allowed to see Corinne. Walter appears suddenly and makes love to Corinne, asking her to marry him. Zip finds them together and disillusions Walter by telling him that Anna had ordered him kept at a distance as a [illegible] pest. When Walter upbraids Corinne and leaves, she turns on Zip and tells him he has shattered her romance and she won't go on with the tour. Zip and Eunice [illegible] try to find Walter.

Corinne relents and continues the tour. But she is sad and listless in her stage appearances and begins to get bad press notices. She hears nothing from Walter. Gloom settles upon the "Anna Lind" entourage.

CHAPTER XIV.

Despair.

AS THE tour continued the atmosphere of gloom deepened, and nerves were on edge. Even the porter, Jake, in the private car at the end of the train, wore an expression of settled chocolate melancholy, for he was no longer the recipient of an extra outside income he no longer delivered boxes of flowers to the stateroom of Miss Lin', and he no longer made surreptitious payments to florists for footlight flowers bearing cards with the legend: Walter

In fact, he had decided that business conditions were bad very bad, and he was very sorry for Miss Lin', who took all her meals alone in her stateroom now, and who always seemed to be jus' fresh over another cryin' spell, as Jake observed to himself sorrowfully each time he saw her

Eunice Vernon had been an observer of many of these spells, and once or twice even a participant, for she was so sorry for Corinne she couldn't help herself As a Pollyanna, Eunice decided, she would never win a Pulitzer Prize or be honored by a Sunshine Society

We'll find him—he'll be back we'll explain everything to him" she promised Corinne over-and-over. But Corinne refused over-and-over to be comforted by this prospect

"I don't want him found. I don't want him back. I don't want anything explained to him," declared Corinne without emotion. "It's one of those things you can't 'explain.'"

"But he's fond of you, not of the woman he thought you were," argued Eunice

"Whoever he was fond of, he isn't fond of her any more. And I'm not fond of him any more I know I can't make you see it It's just as though he were dead It's just as though I had him for a little while—or wanted him terribly, anyhow, and then he wasn't—he had ceased to exist"

"Oh, you'll get over feeling like that. You're not really morbid about it—you just think you are."

"Oh, I know what you mean—I've got to be happy, and cheerful and bright for the sake of my - her—our public," said Corinne with a disconcerting, mirthless smile. "Well, I'm trying, Eunice, dear Don't you think I smiled nicely at the audience last night?"

"Indeed you did," said Eunice, but her eyes said the reverse Corinne had smiled at the audience just as unconvincingly as she was smiling now

"I'll go on with the trip, as though nothing had happened," continued Corinne mechanically, if Mr. Carter wants me to. He's not still angry with me, is he, for the way I burst out on him?"

"Oh, no. He's not angry. He understands"

"It was not his fault, of course, and I'm sorry I talked that way to him."

"The only thing he is concerned about," Eunice assured her, "is your health, your good spirits He doesn't want to try to keep this thing up if it is going to make you desperately unhappy. He has already dropped a hint to the MKW people that Miss Lind has found the strain unexpectedly trying, and that she may be forced to curtail the trip."

Before the Car Left the Main Road, Corinne Had, Unnoticed, Dropped Her Hat Out of the Window.

"Oh no he mustn't do that," said Corinne with quick concern "I'll be good—I'll quit moping, honestly I will. I want to finish my job. I want to go through with it, as I promised Anna Lind that I would It was wretched of me" she added, impatiently, to go and get everybody into all this miserable trouble I'm sorry. I'll try to make it up to everybody."

"Forget it. Don't lose any sleep over the trouble you've caused anybody, girl. Goodness knows we've caused enough for you. We didn't know we were letting you in for anything like this We thought we had our plans all laid nicely and that they would be easy to execute but we forgot the well known human equation Oh, well" Eunice sighed and extinguished her cigarette "We've done as well I think as could have been expected better in fact. It was a risky thing to try, but Anna Lind has always gone in for bold and risky things

"Have you heard from her, at all?"

"Not a line. Not a card, not a cable, not a how-d'ye-do. Carter has had people looking for her all over Europe, trying to get in touch with her, just in case"

"Just in case I should really blow up I know. But I'm not going to blow up," said Corinne, grimly confident "I'm all right now."

"Attagirl! You're a grand sport. And you can take it. Say! I forgot to tell you—I saw an old friend of yours yesterday"

"Not Fred?"

Eunice laughed. "Well not the old Fred—the new one His moustache It's really marvelous, Corinne and you've got to see it no matter what Zip Carter says. I think it would do you good to see him. Fred's a good boy, even if he has got an acre of red shrubbery on his upper lip now"

"Fred's fine"

"As faithful as they make 'em He manages to catch up with us about every other town He's worried over you, Corinne. He says you're not taking care of yourself. He's in the audience watching you, every chance he gets He knows about you and Walter. He questioned me so closely I had to tell him. Do you mind?"

Corinne sighed "No Poor Fred. I wish he wouldn't be so so faithful."

"And he swears he saw old Hawk-Face again, in Minneapolis hanging around the stage-door."

"Not really"

"Maybe it's just Fred's imagination. He still insists you're in danger. He pictures you as a victim of gangsters and cutthroats and underworld plots He's even got the publicity men catalogued as evil schemers He has always thought Steve Whickett was the one who had you followed that night in Montreal, and waylaid you to take your picture"

"But surely Mr Whickett wouldn't do such a thing, against Mr. Carter's wishes."

"Oh, wouldn't he? You'd be surprised. You never heard of the press agent, did you, who tried to steal the stone lions off the public library steps in New York—so it would get in the papers and he could tie it up with an animal picture that was opening there?"

"But certainly, for Anna Lind they'd never do anything so ridiculous"

"Not if Zip Carter could prevent it."

"And why, please tell me," asked Corinne wearily, "do they send three publicity men to get us in the papers, when that's the very thing we don't want?"

Eunice laughed "That's Hollywood my dear It's 'Alice in Wonderland' on a bigger and better scale Anna Lind must have publicity whether she wants it or not."

"I'll never understand it," confessed Corinne "It has all been a dream to me and lately a nightmare I'll wake up some morning, back in my bed in Brooklyn and I'll find it just never really happened that's all

Eunice hugged her. "Well you do feel better now, don't you" And you're just going to go on with business as usual and stop worrying about everything aren't you. Just leave it to me and I'll get your boy-friend back and tell him everything, and when this tour is over, you can have him he'll be crazier about you, Corinne Travis, than he ever was about Anna Lind"

"No—not that," said Corinne dolorously but firmly. "I know you mean well, Eunice, dear, but anything like that would only make matters worse. It won't help to tell him that I had fooled him and lied to him I don't know why I ever did it I don't know why I didn't have better sense in the very beginning He thinks I am cruel and heartless and devoid of all decency now but he will despise me even more if he ever knows what a cheat I've been"

"You weren't at all you were only sorry for him"

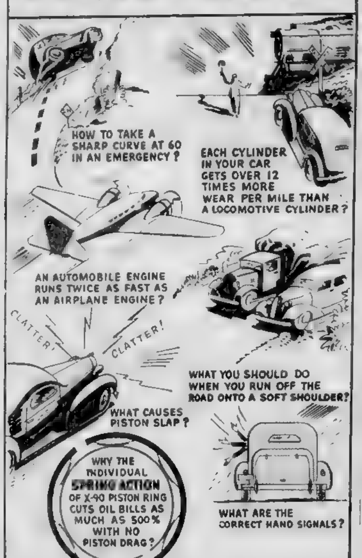
"I wasn't sorry for him" declared Corinne, almost fiercely Pity had nothing to do with it I—I liked him that's all and I couldn't help myself. I I still like him. I—love him—"

All Corinne's brave resignation and defensive bitterness of a short time before melted in a freshet of tears She was sobbing in Eunice Vernon's arms, and Eunice was [illegible] anna job with [illegible] to say

"Well of [illegible] he loves [illegible]

(Continued on Page 20

Do You Know—



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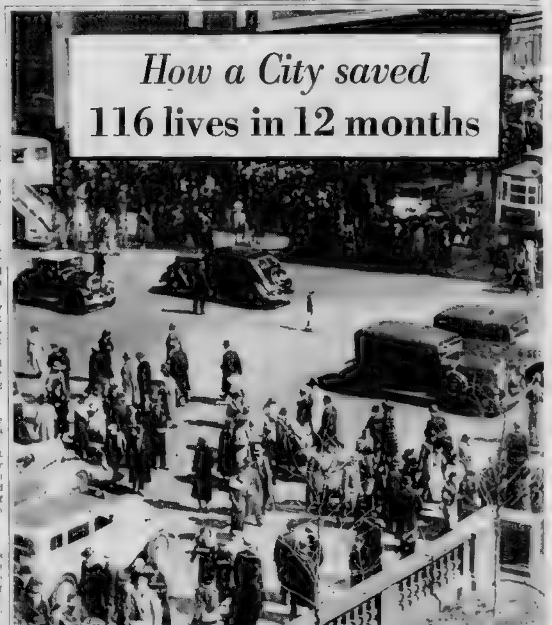

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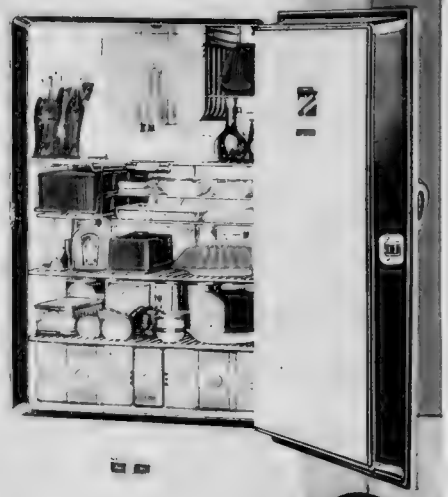

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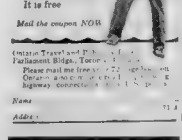

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MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

Proxy Princess

by Clinton Lowndes

(Continued from Page 18)

And he's feeling worse about it right now, than you do—and he'll be back."

He won't, he won't," sobbed Corinne. "I'll never see him again. I can never face him and tell him the truth. I stole—I stole somebody else's right to love him. And I'm being punished for it."

My, my, these children thought Eunice in dismay. "How do you go about it—what do you say

And for lack of a better comforting phrase she murmured:

"I know it's hell on wheels, sweet girl? It must be the real thing when it hits you that hard. Perhaps we'd better tell Zip that you just can't go on any longer."

Nothing else that Eunice might have said could have brought the electric response that this prompted.

Corinne stiffened. She went to her dressing-table and daubed determinedly at her face to erase the traces of her lapse.

"All right," she said, and grimly laughed away her woebegone expression. "I'll show you, Eunice Vernon. I'll show you who's a cry-baby—and this time I mean it. I'm paid to play a part and I'll play it—right on through. Where do we go next—Seattle?"

CHAPTER XV.

Fred's Warning.

THEY went in due course, to Seattle, to Portland and Vancouver and doubled back to San Francisco. For obvious reasons they were to pay no visits to Los Angeles. Anna Lind could "personally appear" there any time she felt disposed to do so, without going on tour, and Zip Carter thought he had braved hazards enough without walking straight into the jaws of a lion.

As it was he quaked at being in the same State as Hollywood and proposed dashing out of it, with Reno as the next objective, as soon as they had touched for a day at San Francisco.

There had been no specific trouble to fret him, since the appearance and swift vanishing of Walter Gaylord. The tour had "slowed down" and Hollywood voiced chronic displeasure over the grudging publicity they were now receiving, but Zip could not help that. His "star" was doing what she had agreed to do.

Corinne had kept her word. Nothing that she said to Eunice or anyone else could be construed as a complaint. She did what was expected of her, and tried not to betray the fact that each succeeding day held nothing but deadly tedium for her.

She smiled bravely at her audiences, but there was something stereotyped about her now, and she felt it. In response, there was something stereotyped about the attitude of her audiences.

She was performing an unvarying routine, to which she adhered by sheer force of will. The spirit had gone out of her, and she was ashamed that she no longer found zest for her task. But that was something that she, by conscious effort, could not remedy. She tried hard enough, but there was no relief from the numbing despondency that settled over her.

There were insistent shadows under her eyes, and she had grown pale and somewhat thinner. Eunice said privately to Zip Carter that she was not getting enough air and exercise — they talked it over the afternoon they reached San Francisco. This policy of almost constant confinement to a hotel room or the private car was all well enough, from the standpoint of discretion, contended Eunice, but it was not so hot if you considered the health of their valued star.

"It's not a matter of health," said Carter wearily. "She's in love. And there's no cure for that—they say. I don't know. I've never been that way. Have you?"

"No. Not quite that way," confessed Eunice. "I've always wondered how people could commit suicide and murder and all that sort of thing, simply because they had a yen for one particular male or female bird they couldn't have, and I've doped it out that they just thought they were in love, they just sold themselves on the idea, somehow by auto-suggestion."

"But I don't know. This Travis kid is pretty hard-hit. She's washed limp and ironed for the flat-work. I'm sorry as the devil for her, Zip. Have you done everything you could, absolutely everything, to locate her boy-friend and tell him all is forgiven?"

Zip shrugged. "I tried the ancestral rubber plant in Ohio, and they said he was either in Europe or South America or Hawaii. I tried the Summer joint they have in the Adirondacks and they said there was nothing stirring there. I even tried his ranch in Nevada, and they told me they never expected him there until he showed up. I tried a dozen airports and his clubs in New York and Chicago, and that's about all there is to it—he's not to be found. He doesn't want to be found. He's out in the garden somewhere eating silkworms. But I suppose it's just as well."

"Just as well for you, you mean, but rough on the poor kid."

"Oh, I mean—suppose we found him? Suppose we told him it was all a mistake, it wasn't Anna Lind that gave him the razz but just somebody doing a take-off on Anna? Wouldn't that make him just twice as sore? He'd feel he'd not only been taken for a buggy-ride, but the buggy had no springs, and the horse double-crossed him by running down the railroad tracks. Don't tell me!" Zip gestured with a swoop of disgust. "I know as much about this love business as anybody—which is exactly not one lousy thing."

"Correct," said Eunice. "You may be right and I may be wrong, or the ice-man or the cop on the beat may be able to call the next turn a whole lot better than either one of us. But I just thought we owed it to the girl, since it turned out she felt that way about this lad, to find him and tell him the truth."

But anyhow the idea's out, because we can't find him, and furthermore, Corinne doesn't want him found. And you were probably right in the first place, Zip—it might have been harmful to tell him she wasn't the Lind. Of course we don't want to do anything that will ruin the tour."

"Ruin the tour?" jabbered Zip. "If it isn't already a ruin, then neither is Pompeii or Babylon or the state of my nerves. I never saw such a change in a person as in that Travis girl. She works like a sleep-walker. She thinks she's doing 'Trilby' instead of 'Anna Lind.' She takes about as much interest in what she's doing—"

"Oh, give her a break, Zip. You know what she's up against."

"Yeah. And it's too steep—it's too steep for me," added Zip excitedly. "I'm sick of hearing Hollywood belly-ache about her 'audience reactions,' and her lukewarm press notices, and the falling off in publicity. Adkinson blows up once a week and starts thinking up new ways to build a fire under Steve Whickett. I don't blame Whickett for staying drunk half the time. He's fired already—but he doesn't know it. Don't tell him, by any chance. He's to be relieved in Denver if we last that long."

"You're not thinking," Eunice paused significantly.

"Of quitting—yes. I hate to do it under fire, so-to-speak. But this can't keep up—something is liable to snap and it'll be too late to quit. As soon as I get in touch with Lind—blast her fleahopping soul—and notify her so she can come on back, I'm sending this lovesick frail back to Brooklyn, and announcing that Anna Lind has had to alter her plans because she's in need of a rest."

"Oh, Zip, I'm sorry to hear that — after all we've been through to put this thing over."

"I know. But we've covered sixteen States and three provinces of Canada, and that's pretty good. It's one-third of the way, and we've taken care of the chief centers of population, except for the Atlantic seaboard. We've been lucky as fools to get this far without a crack-up. And I've just got a hunch that something is going wrong soon—in a big way."

"But what could go wrong now, Zip?"

"I've got a hunch, that's all, and I don't neglect my hunches."

"But we've ironed out most of our troubles," argued Eunice. "We've sprouted whiskers on Fred Jones' pan so that he is no longer a pictorial menace. We don't need detectives any more. We've eliminated Walter Gaylord—with not such good results, it's true, where our sad young lady star is concerned, but then—"

"That's the big ache. We're close to Hollywood now, and Hollywood is all hot-and-bothered. They'll be sending some of the studio smart-alecks, soon, to check up on what's the matter with Lind. They've been depending on Gunther's reports—curse him—but he's so dumb he couldn't see through plate-glass with an X-ray, and they're likely to send snoopers to see if they can guess more than he's guessed—if they haven't already sent 'em."

Eunice shrugged. "Well, let 'em. I defy any of them to tell it isn't Anna Lind we're showing off, provided they only see her on the stage. And we don't have to let anybody see her privately—that's a cinch."

"Anyhow," said Carter with a scowl, "we've got to make the best of it until I can locate Lind. I can't quit until I tell her I'm quitting; she'll get all sored up on me if I do."

"She'll get all sored up on you anyway. You'll get her in wrong with Hollywood if you don't go through with this business according to agreement."

"But I can't hold the bag forever," snapped Carter impatiently. "She's got to come back and shoulder some of her own worries—the sap!"

"The idea—of calling our glorious Anna Lind a sap!"

"They're all saps," growled Carter. "Everybody in the business is a sap. The public is a bunch of saps. I'm a sap."

Something Hard and Cold Was Pressed Against Corinne's Temple and a Harsh Voice Grated: "Not a peep out of you, now, or I'll blow your brains out."

And I might as well make it unanimous," said Eunice. "I'm a sap to argue with you. I'd better be getting that child ready for the theatre."

Corinne's stage appearances in San Francisco were a little worse than the afternoons and nights she had survived in recent days. Her audiences were curious but not enthusiastic.

Anna Lind was just a little less of a celebrity in California than she was elsewhere in America, by virtue of the law which adjusts the prophet's honor in ratio to the sum of the prophet's railroad fare from his own country. San Francisco liked its cinema stars well enough, but did not worship them, being fully conscious that they were just folks.

Corinne sensed the moderate coolness of her reception, and it did not make things easier for them. There were flowers for her across the footlights at the afternoon performances, and her heart fluttered as she stopped in the wings to search for the card. But she tore it listlessly in two when she saw the name upon it.

It was not from Walter Gaylord—of course it could not have been—it was from the automobile dealers who were furnishing her, gratis, the limousine she was using in San Francisco; not that they loved Anna Lind better but that they loved the advertising more.

This beauteous car, with its uniformed chauffeur, was duly in wait for her at the stage-door. The donors had requested that she ride in it unaccompanied when coming to and departing from the theatre, and Zip Carter saw no objection to this. Cameras clicked as she entered it, and that meant a little more publicity and that was all.

But there was something different about the car as it waited for her after the evening performance. It had a different chauffeur, this time an enigmatic person with the visor of his cap pulled well over his eyes and a moustache like Adolf Hitler's only there was much more of it.

Corinne did not give him more than a glance and was not conscious of an odd familiarity about him until, when he was seated at the wheel, she saw the back of his head and his protruding ears.

Corinne gasped. Those ears belonged to no other person than Fred Jones.

The car leaped away from the stage door with a long whine, in second.

"Fred" she cried, "what are you doing? Where are you taking me? Fred — Fred — you mustn't do this!"

The intervening window was open, and he turned and barked through it cheerfully:

"It's all right, Corinne. I'm just taking you to the hotel. But I've got to tell you something."

She looked back alarmed, and saw that the taxicab in which Carter, Eunice and Jeanie Stratford were following had been delayed by the throng at the stage-door.

Fred turned a corner sharply, sped through traffic at ambulance speed and turned another corner. He threaded his way to a quieter thoroughfare and redoubled his speed. Presently he turned into an unfrequented side street and drew up at the curb.

"Fred, you shouldn't have done this!" exclaimed Corinne anxiously. "I'll be late getting back to the hotel and they'll be frantic. What is it, Fred — tell me quickly?"

He leaned through the window from the driver's seat and caught her hands. "Gosh, but it's good to see you again!" he said fervently. "Guess you think I'm crazy to pull anything like this, honey, but it was the only way I could get a chance to see you."

"Where is the chauffeur?" she quavered, much disturbed. "You'll get him in serious trouble, doing a thing like this."

"Oh no, it's all right," said Fred confidently. "The sales manager of the company that's furnishing this car fixed it for me. He's an old friend of mine and he's in with us in New York."

But Fred, what is it?"

"I had to warn you that's all," he said tensely. "And that crook Carter won't let me get near you unless he or some of his gang are present at the same time. He won't even let me telephone you. He's in with them, I tell you."

"In with whom? What do you mean, Fred?"

"In with this double-crossing publicity man, Whickett, and I don't know how many other crooks."

"Oh, Fred, you're just borrowing trouble—you're just imagining—"

"I'm not imagining anything," said Fred heatedly. "I tell you I've been watching this man Whickett. I knew there was something wrong with him from the start. I trailed him in Seattle—followed him to a speakeasy—I mean saloon."

"But all publicity men go to saloons, Fred."

"Listen, I know what I'm talking about," sputtered Fred. "I trailed him to a dump in Seattle, and" — he paused ominously — "who do you suppose I caught him talking to?"

"Who?" asked Corinne breathlessly.

"That hawk-nosed devil who's been following you all over the country, that's who! He's a gun-packing gangster, that's what he is—and Whickett's in on whatever devilry he's planning to do!"

Corinne for a moment was perturbed. So weighty had been her other problems of late that she had given no thought to Fred's earlier qualms about the dangers besetting her. Only for an instant did she give concern to them now. A sudden realization of how comical Fred looked in his moustache moved her to mirth.

"Well, that doesn't prove anything, Fred," she chuckled, "except that it's likely Eunice Vernon has been right all along—she said this chap was probably a smart newspaper man who thought he was doing something clever. Now I suppose Mr. Whickett has found out who he is, and was just having a talk with him—that's his business, to handle the publicity affairs of the tour."

"Oh, you believe everything they tell you," exclaimed Fred in agitation. "You're in danger, and I can't make you believe it. Please, Corinne, listen to me. I trailed Whickett to the lowest kind of waterfront dive you ever saw, this morning."

"In San Francisco?"

"Yes. I came here last night. Whickett was here in advance of you, too. He sneaked out of his hotel around noon. I followed him to this dump and I saw him in a back room, talking to three

(Continued on Page 23)

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Extra Rich—
in the economical bag

SAY THESE COFFEE LOVERS

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Mrs K P Sheppard, Burlington, Vt.

MAKES COLLEGE GIRL POPULAR—"The bunch' is fond of congregating in my room at college—and I suspect the reason is the good hot coffee I often serve them. I use *Dated* Coffee in the bag—and my, but it's fresh and delicious! And costs so little, it doesn't do dire things to my allowance."
Dorothy Williams, Riverside, Calif.

MANICURIST MARVELS AT PRICE—"I really marvel at the low, money-saving price of Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag. How *can* they sell such fine-quality, rich-tasting coffee for so little? I'm delighted with its fresh, delicious flavor—and with the fact that I can afford it on what I make."
Claire Hanbridge, Boston, Mass

ONE CUPFUL will show you why coffee lovers are so enthusiastic about Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the bag. It's extra rich, because it's blended from the world's choice coffees. And its delicious freshness is *guaranteed* by our Dating Plan.

We rush every bag of *Dated* Coffee to your grocer, plainly marked with the date he gets it. This is your protection against stale, rancid taste. This makes high-priced containers unnecessary. So we put it in the inexpensive bag—and *you* get the saving!

Order a pound of delicious Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee in the economical bag tomorrow.

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Antony Canova, Lancaster, Minn.

"A GREAT AFTER-DINNER COFFEE—My husband and I wouldn't consider any dinner complete without it. Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee tastes so extra rich, it seems to crown the meal and start the evening right. Then, too, its price in the bag makes it very easy on our budget—another important consideration!"
Mrs W S Haverkamp, Larchmont, N Y.

"HEARTENING—is the way I would describe Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee. It's just the word for that delicious, fresh flavor that gives you such a grand feeling. I stop for a cup of it in the middle of my morning's work—and feel so refreshed! And it costs so little in the bag."
Mrs E B Wilson, Hackensack, N J.

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Why Your Face Is Pretty---Or It Isn't

(Continued from Page 5)

and darker in color than the main mass of living matter in the cell. These granules biologists call chromosomes. Each ordinary human cell contains forty-eight chromosomes, but the evidence shows that these really are divided into two sets of duplicates, twenty-four chromosomes in each set.

Inside these chromosomes and apparently strung along them not unlike beads on a string are the tiny living units of the genes, so small that something more than 100 000 of them laid down side by side, would be needed to make an inch. No one knows, as yet just how many of these genes are contained in the forty-eight human chromosomes, although this gene number has been determined approximately for some lower animals and probably will be discovered some day for mankind as well.

Growth of a human body happens because the individual living cells divide each one into two so that more cells are produced. Every time that this happens each of the forty-eight chromosomes in the original cell first divides into two halves. One of these sets then goes to one of the new living cells, the other set to the other cell. Thus it happens that each cell in the body has a complete set of chromosomes and of genes; something which explains why it is that living creatures so seldom get on the wrong track and reproduce creatures markedly different from themselves. This is the explanation for the reasonable degree of likeness which Nature maintains from one generation to the next: bears always look like bears, not like lions, cats do not resemble dogs, giraffes never look like cows.

The explanation for the variation, also necessary to evolution and which explains why babies do not always resemble their parents, comes in when the production of the new generation is to be accomplished. When this happens the arrangement concerning the genes and chromosomes is a little different. The living cell which is to start developing into an individual of the new generation has forty-eight chromosomes like all other human cells, but these chromosomes do not come all from the same parent. Instead, half of them come from the father, the other half from the mother. Since each of the sets of twenty-four chromosomes apparently carries all of the necessary plans and blueprints for the complete creature, each new baby therefore is provided with two different sets of such plans. So far as genes are concerned the baby might follow one set completely and become a duplicate to its mother. Or it might follow the other set altogether and become a little replica of papa.

What happens in actual fact is neither of these things. Instead the two sets of genes mix and fuse together. In arranging for simple unit characters, controllable by a single gene, the dominant one of the two genes apparently takes control and arranges for this particular feature. The recessive one of the pair becomes inactive and has no effect so far as that individual is concerned.

Not a great many of the obvious features of face or body are controlled however, in this simple way. Instead, a dozen or perhaps as many as a hundred separate genes may have something to do with creating a long neck like Consuelo Vanderbilt's or a big nose like Jimmy Durante's.

In such instances it is not likely that all of the genes which have been received from a single parent will prove to be dominant over all of the corresponding genes received from the other parent. If this does happen the parent's form of that particular feature would be duplicated exactly. Usually, however, some of the list of genes from the father will be dominant over the corresponding ones from the mother, while other genes of the same list will show dominance of the mother's contribution and a recessive characteristic of the father's. This produces just what evolution requires, namely, a complicated mixture of genes in which the exact characteristics of the baby will be neither those of mother nor those of father, but some entirely different variation produced by interaction of the genes concerned.

Just what are all the unit characters of human beings, each controlled by only a single gene, biologists have not yet decided. For some of the lower creatures with short lives and where a whole generation can be raised and studied in a few days or weeks, these matters are easier to sort out. Many years probably will be required before experts in the gene theory have a complete understanding of the unit characters of human beings.

A few years ago Professor Laurence H. Snyder of Ohio State University was able to list only seven human characteristics definitely known to be unit characters. Two of these had to do with the blood groups, now beginning to be used as indication of parentage in disputed cases. One was susceptibility to the disease called migraine or sick-headache. Another was a definite defect of taste shown by inability to taste a certain chemical with which biologists have done much experimentation. Another was the existence or non-existence of hair on the second joints of the fingers. Sixth of the list was whether the whorl of hair on the top of the head turns in the direction of the hands of a clock or in the reverse direction.

Concerning the seventh of Professor Snyder's list, which was eye color, later investigations has not been confirmatory. The most recent student of inheritance of eye color, Professor G. P. Frets of Rotterdam, Holland now decides that instead of a single unit character determining the existence of light eyes or dark eyes there are at least two unit characters. One produces dark brown eyes. The other produces yellow eyes. When both of these are absent the eyes are blue. Different intensities of the two others combine to produce all the varieties of eye color which exist.

Some day, when all of the unit characters possible in human heredity have been identified and listed, and when it has been discovered which of these will be dominant and which recessive in all of the possible combinations which can exist, it then may be possible to determine just what were the sources of facial characteristics of anybody's baby. A few years ago Dr. Oscar Riddle heredity expert of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, suggested that it some day may be possible not only to understand such combinations of human genes but also to control them so that a married couple might decide in advance what combination of the characteristics or of the characteristics of their ancestors should become dominant in their child.

Unblushing Confessions of a Famous "Gold-Digger"

(Continued from Double Page)

papers went mad over me. The Figaro spoke of my 'superb and captivating person, the diabolic voluptuousness of my fandango, the furious tap of my little feet upon the floor,'" Gil Blas pronounced me the prettiest woman who had appeared upon the stage for years, and talked of my "unexpurgated" dances: adding that so many emeralds and diamonds have seldom been seen upon so marble-white a chest." The Vie Parisienne raved of my blood-red lips and blue-black hair, my young race-horse" effect, the jewels blazing from my chest, my hair, my ears, my arms, wrists hands and ankles, and talked of the two detectives who watch over my million's worth of gems as if they had been the Koh-i-Noor.

My gouings and comings and my personal affairs were discussed in the newspapers constantly. The Paris Soir said this after the writer had returned from a visit to Monte Carlo:

"The people around the gambling tables cannot get over the fact that La Belle Otero keeps so young. The following conversation was overheard at a race-track:

"'You were with La Belle Otero?' 'No, I was with her younger sister, I think.' It is amazing that a woman who has led so full a life should not show the signs of age. Her beauty is still so perfect that it recalls the lines which d'Annunzio was inspired to dedicate to her.

"'Your beauty: alive with an almost religious glorification.'

'Her early youth was spent in poverty and unhappiness. Her first loves were not scrupulous or well-placed, but from each one of her lovers she gained some sort of prestige. She had the ambition and the confidence of her zodiac. In one Winter she was known to have conquered the affection of a German banker, an English lord, an American millionaire, a Grand Duke, and her devoted Prince Pierre. As one Paris paper said, her bosom seemed made especially for diamond necklaces. Her almost constant attendant was a Russian Prince, but it is rumored that their life together was constantly interrupted by jealous quarrels. The Prince threatened to kill himself whenever Otero threatened to leave him.

"When friends asked Otero why she didn't leave her sweetheart, she cried: 'He is frightful and divine and until I make up my mind whether I love him or hate him I shall never be able to leave him.' They could never leave each other for any length of time. They would always rush back to each other's arms in spite of the fact that their first words to each other might be the beginning of another quarrel."

Another newspaper made the following comments:

"While society gossips about the doings of Otero, the actress seems much more occupied with plans for her next poker or baccarat party. Gambling for her is like the needle to a drug addict. She knows that at many of her parties she will be trimmed neatly by a professional gambling friend but that doesn't discourage her in the least. Lately she has been attending baccarat parties at Asnieres in a house whose fame is not too good. She has broken down what might be called a social barrier in playing with women who gamble not on the wheel but on the fickleness of men's affections. When Otero comes to see them they play all sorts of tricks on her but she takes everything in the spirit of the game."

With all this, there were things that made me anxious. My passion for gambling alarmed me. I had let myself be dragged in dubious circles and, playing in mixed company, always lost.

I soon had debts on every hand. Dressmakers, modistes, milliners displayed their bills day after day all the more, of course, because I had no permanent address in Paris but lived in a hotel.

But at last I breathed again. Prince Peter had returned. He paid up all my debts and installed us—self, maid and dog—in a furnished apartment in the Villa Said. But, alas! The Prince's stay was not to be a long one. He was obliged to go straight back to Russia. I wondered whether it was the claim of duty that called him, out there, or whether all the follies I had led him into had compromised his income.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Radish and Potato Salad.

MIX 3 tablespoons salad oil with 1 tablespoon plain or tarragon vinegar, a few grains salt and pepper to taste. Pour over 2 cups warm diced potatoes. Let stand about ½ hour. Add 2 or 3 finely-chopped hard-cooked eggs. Add eggs and 1 cup thinly-shredded crisp radishes to the potato mixture. Add cooked salad dressing to taste, and moisten. Arrange on crisp lettuce or cress and garnish with sifted hard-cooked egg yolk.

I'M GLAD I BROKE MY ANKLE!

I SEEM TO BE THE ONLY VISITOR! A NICE FELLOW LIKE JOE WOULD HAVE LOTS OF FRIENDS IF HE'D BEEN MORE PARTICULAR
YOU'D THINK EVERY GROWN MAN WOULD KNOW ABOUT AND USE LIFEBUOY...
I HEARD YOU... ABOUT LIFEBUOY AND NOT HAVING BODY ODOR... SO I BOUGHT A CAKE MYSELF!
3 MONTHS LATER
Jan 21, 1937
Dear Nurse
Thanks for steering me straight! I'm a regular Lifebuoy user now—and I have lots of friends. And—I want you to know first—I'm being married next month!
Joe
Lifebuoy... Instantly it lathers in women men and children use Lifebuoy in the bath than any other soap... 1,200,000 interviews by eight leading magazines reveal these facts! Try Lifebuoy!... It gives lasting fine suds.
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Proxy Princess

by Clinton Lowndes

"All right," Said Corinne, "I'll show you, Eunice Vernon. I'm paid to play a part and I'll play it—right on through."

(Continued from Page 20)

of the toughest-looking birds you ever saw outside of jail—gunman, if there's no mistake."

And he didn't see you?" asked Corinne, inclined now to be a little nervous.

No I'm pretty sure he didn't. He was drinking a lot—looked to me like he was kindling up a regular bender when he woke up with this hangover.

He does drink a good deal, I've heard Eunice say that. I suppose they were just some drinking companions he had picked up.

Don't you believe it," Fred denied her excitedly. "You've got to watch yourself, Corinne—you've got to be careful."

All right Fred. I will — I promise. I'll talk to Mr. Carter or see him right away."

I don't want you to talk to him. I tell you. He's as big a crook as Whickett."

All right Fred. But please let me get back to the hotel now, won't you?" They'll be frantic when they miss me. They'll be notifying the police, and everything.

All listen, Corinne," he pleaded desperately. "Don't go back at all. I'm worried about you, honestly I am. You're running too big a risk you're in danger every minute and I can't stand to see it. This woman Anita Lind has enemies — they might do anything nowadays they might even kidnap you — they might even —

Oh please take me back to the hotel," cried Corinne with growing anxiety.

Why don't you chuck it all, and come with me?" he persisted. "I've got a good job now, Corinne. We could get along fine. Why don't you forget all this crazy business of posing as somebody else and marry me? It's driving me terribly unhappy to see you worry of it all, or somehow, you hardly look like yourself. You're pale as a sheet, and thin."

Please please, Fred."

He looked at her with a woe-begone expression intensified by the pale light of a street lamp that reached them there.

Well isn't there—ever going to be any hope for me, any time?" he asked lugubriously.

Please Fred—this isn't the time or place to talk about such things. Don't you see you are upsetting me dreadfully?" I thought we had an understanding, long ago. I thought we had agreed—if you don't take me to the hotel at once, Fred, I'll just jump out and get a taxi."

Oh no you don't have to do that," said Fred resignedly. "Just one more thing—are you in love with this fellow Gaylord Mason told me about?—is that what's the matter?"

There was a painful silence. I don't know. I don't think so."

Then it's this low comedy business I've got on," growled Fred bitterly, stepping on the gas as he turned back to his car. I'll chop it off, that's what I'll do. I don't care what anyone—I don't care who thinks so."

He drove at savage speed to Eunice's hotel.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Strange Chauffeur.

NO ONE had missed her as yet. Eunice Vernon, and Eunice supposed her brief absence had been due to the fact that she had gone, through some misunderstanding, to the railroad station. Zip Carter and Miss Stratford were busy elsewhere with routine matters. They were to leave on a night train for Reno.

Eunice laughed despite her concern, when she heard of the romantic reappearance of Fred Jones.

"So he followed Steve Whickett to a gin mill!" she chuckled. "That isn't news. It would only be news if a gin mill staggered up to Steve."

"But what of the other man — the man who has been following us everywhere?"

"I don't know—but I intend to find out," promised Eunice grimly. "I thought we were through with all this shadowing business. Whickett seems to know who the bird is, and he's going to tell us. Maybe Whickett hired him, himself—there's a lot he'd like to know about our private affairs. In any case, let's not worry about it. We'll talk to Zip about it tomorrow in Reno —no use to bother him with it tonight. We've got to hustle, by-the-way, if we're coupling onto that Reno train."

Corinne sighed. They were always in such a rush, there was never time to do anything unhurriedly. And yet she had been thankful recently that this was true, for the urgent activity and constant shift of scene had helped to distract her thoughts from the one painful subject to which they constantly returned.

She felt an illogical surge of optimism that night as the train bore her into Nevada. There was no reason whatsoever why she should feel that way, and yet she did, in recurrent cheerful moods that were promptly smothered by cold, wet, rational blankets of despair.

She was going into Nevada, a State which Walter Gaylord sometimes visited, and that was something. She felt nearer to him. Somewhere in Nevada was the ranch ,the hideaway to which he had begged her to go with him.

If only she had gone! And yet how silly even to permit that thought existence. It was only more tantalizing to deny the unhappy truths of her situation, to play with the thought of things that might have been.

And yet she was going into Nevada, and each rail-length of the journey sang of it in the clanking of steel on steel as a high excursion. It would be something just to be near a place where he once had been. Perhaps he would be in Reno—perhaps she would see him—perhaps—

She strove to detach her thoughts from these impossible hopes, but she could not. The chanting of the trucks beneath the speeding car lulled her presently to sleep and she dreamed of Walter Gaylord, unhappily. She saw him as she last had seen him, his face white with pain and his eyes drained of their faith in everything.

"She has—slapped me in the face," he was saying, in a bitter monotone. "At last. She has had the courage and the decency to do it—in accordance, that is, with her quaint code of 'decency' . . . I had heard there were such women—but I never have really believed it, until now."

Then, with a little moan, she was in his arms, and, as though she had been punished enough, he was caressing and smoothing back her hair, and talking to her gently and soothingly, as to a frightened child.

She awoke with a smile for the rugged Nevada landscape, ruddy in the sunrise, and instantly an enervating sense of reality overwhelmed her. It was only another day, hollow and hopeless.

She got through it, somehow, as she had got through identical days before it. Reno seemed different only in degree from the other, larger cities they had visited. The car, the hotel, the theatre, the brief journeys between them—that was about all any city meant now to Corinne.

Eunice Vernon told her, late in the afternoon, that Zip Carter had been so busy she had not had a chance to talk to him about Whickett; moreover, Whickett had gone ahead to Salt Lake City—he seemed to think it was more and more necessary for him to act as advance herald. Perhaps Zip Carter could talk to him by telephone, said Eunice, if Zip considered the matter important enough.

"Perhaps," repeated Corinne apathetically.

It did not matter to her. Nothing mattered.

She wished to be alone. If Carter wanted to talk to her about it, he would find her at the hotel.

Regretfully, Eunice left her in her room.

"That girl," thought Eunice, "is near the breaking-point. Zip is probably right . . . I won't be surprised at anything that happens now."

She went back to the theatre in search of Carter, and, failing to find him there, took a taxi to the railroad station, thinking he might be aboard the car.

Corinne, meanwhile, remained undisturbed in her room until it was almost dark. She was standing at her window, staring out across the dim housetops of the city, when someone knocked discreetly at her door.

It was a man in the costume of a chauffeur, the same man, it seemed to Corinne, who had driven her to the theatre and back earlier in the afternoon.

"A note for you, Miss Lind, from Mr. Carter," he said respectfully.

She read it hurriedly. It was a typewritten memorandum, on the stationery Zip Carter customarily used. It read:

Dear Miss Lind:

Please come to the station at once. I shall not keep you long, but the matter is important. I am sending a car for you. Carter.

She wondered vaguely why he had not telephoned, and then remembered that there were no telephone facilities on the private car.

"Very well," she said to the chauffeur. "I shall be ready in five minutes."

"Yes, madam. The car is parked at the side entrance."

Ten minutes later he was driving her through the business section of Reno, though in what direction she had no idea. It was not a taxicab that had been sent for her, but a heavy sedan, undistinguishable from many other private cars of its size.

Corinne paid no attention to the driver or to the route they were taking, until, having left the busier streets, they had bowled along for ten minutes on a wide thoroughfare where dwellings grew fewer and fewer. Darkness had fallen, and the driver switched on his lights. It occurred to Corinne that the journey was proving an unexpectedly long one.

"Have they—changed the location of the car?" she inquired of the chauffeur, not without anxiety.

He nodded. "Yes, madam. I forgot to tell you. Mr. Carter said you would understand why."

"Oh."

Then something had happened—another of those comic opera situations, she thought mirthlessly, that had marked the tour at intervals. They were dodging again.

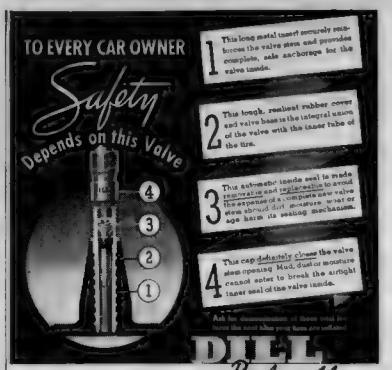
It was absurd and incredible, all of it, and the climax of all the absurdities, she considered bitterly, was her own desperately comic achievement—that of having fallen in love with a man who thought she was someone else.

The car stopped with a screech of brakes and a jarring lurch.

Corinne was alarmed, but only moderately so, for her first thought was that the driver had tried to avoid killing a dog or some other small animal in the road. But her next swift impression was one more terrifying, for a rear door of the car was snatched open and a dark form leaped in beside her. Something hard and cold was pressed against her temple, and a harsh voice grated:

"Not a peep out of you, now, or

(Continued on Page 25)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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY has the greatest circulation in the world because it's the most interesting magazine on earth.

Janet Gaynor says:
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"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand for guests, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because most of my friends in pictures have discovered that the long hours of rehearsing and shooting at the studio place a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, lecturers, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, more than 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

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"THE CREAM OF THE CROP"

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AGAINST IRRITATION—AGAINST COUGH

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Skyscraper Shakedown

The Story of a Racket in Real Estate. Complete in This Issue.

By Parke Hardy

(Continued from Page 16)

alarm crossed Gibbs' face. "Oh, no, no, no, Mr. Trent. We could not possibly be involved."

"You won't be," said the old man. "Nobody will ever know the insurance companies had anything to do with it. It's me and Shard and the United States Government."

"Then—how? God knows, if you can put this political mad dog where he belongs—"

For an hour they talked in undertones, in spite of the fact that no one could have listened.

When Gibbs had gone, the old man buzzed for his secretary.

"Take a letter, please," he said. "To Mr. Hugh Porter—you know his address." And ignoring her surprise he went on: "Three carbons, please. Copy to Miss Norma Wells, present.

"'Dear Mr. Porter:'—no, make that 'Dear Hugh.' It is my understanding that you have some second mortgage 6's, Century Building & Development, that you wish to dispose of at par. I want to buy them — at par. Please come in to see me. Yours faithfully.'"

Norma rose from her chair. "No, Mr. Trent—you sha'n't do it."

He went on imperturbably: "Add a postscript to that copy to Miss Wells: 'Dear Miss Wells: I want to buy your bonds, too.'"

"I simply won't," said Norma emphatically.

"You simply won't what? Write what I tell you?"

"I'll write the letter, but I won't let you do this—I won't sell you my bonds, that's all. And if Hugh does I'll never speak to him again."

Mr. Trent chuckled. "That's twice you're never speaking to him again. But why not, Miss Wells? I want those bonds. They're a good investment."

"They're not any such thing. You're just doing it to keep us from losing. And we won't let you."

"Take a letter," he ordered brusquely. "I've got no time to argue."

Norma took it meekly and dolefully.

Next day when Hugh came in to see her boss, Norma looked the other way. Hugh, too, had a defiant, straight-ahead gaze as he passed her, but once inside the private office he seemed suddenly deflated.

"Gosh, but she's sore at me. Mr. Trent," he said sorrowfully, "and all because I talked about you. I've come to apologize, Mr. Trent."

"Apologize my eye. Where are those bonds? Did you bring them?"

"Yes, sir, but I couldn't possibly sell. I talked to her on the phone last night. She says she—"

"What do you care what a woman says about business? Hand them over. They're the only apology I'll accept from you, young man. Where are they?"

"But Mr. Trent—"

"Going around talking about somebody like that, when you don't know what you're talking about. What was it you called me—an old reprobate?"

"Why, I didn't—" Hugh's expression changed when he caught an eye-glint or a nuance that told him he was being "kidded." But Mr. Trent was adamant on the bonds, and Hugh after more argument handed them over.

The old man buzzed for his secretary. "Have a check drawn for Mr. Porter. Here's the amount." She said "Yes, sir," and went out with her nose icily in the air.

"Gosh, but she's sore at me," Hugh groaned. "I ought not to—"

"Certainly she's sore at you, talking about her trusted employer like that. Now look here, young man, I've got you here to tell you something, and get you good and riled. You've lost your girl, and I'm going to tell you who is really responsible for it. I'm going to give you a chance to sock the right fellow in the jaw, instead of picking on aged real estate and insurance men."

"Why who — how do you mean?"

"You're an auditor, aren't you —used to be a credit man for one of the banks, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir, I started out that way. But lately I passed as a C. P. A., and I was going to start my own business—I had my office rented, but—"

"All right. I'll be your first client. I've got an account for you that will be a combination of auditing, credit reporting and detective snooping. But first I'll tell you about your enemy, Simon Shard."

"Shard*" Hugh spluttered. "Where does that grafter come in?"

The old man told him, with cumulative details that made Hugh redder and redder. "Why, the dirty scoundrel! You mean to tell me he can get away with a steal like that—a two-million-dollar office building!"

"He's not going to get away with it," said the old man grimly, "if you do your work right. And if you succeed, maybe I'll use my influence with your girl out there. She's never going to speak to you again, but maybe I can persuade her to make a few signs at you. I know how to handle her—you don't."

"But what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to trace the bank accounts, masked and otherwise, of Simon Shard. I want you to follow their rise and fall—you'll find they'll begin rising very materially quite soon. He'll bank a lot of money that he won't want the world to know about—from a dummy company just organized by my friend Sam Quickett. We can't put Sam in jail, but we'll put Shard there. When you've got to a certain point with your sleuthing you'll get some help — from investigators of the Internal Revenue Department."

"So you're going to snarl him on his income tax?" Hugh said excitedly.

"Right. We're going to try something new. We've put a political gangster in the way of scooping in a lot of graft. We know he's getting it, but he won't know we know. He thinks his crooked friend Sam Quickett thought up the idea, and Sam probably thinks so, too. Now—will you play with us?"

"Will I!" Hugh gloated vengefully.

"All right. You'll have to keep away from this office—you'll be out of town a good deal, anyway —and you'll have to keep away from your girl out there. That's why I bought your bonds — to make her mad. But that will just make her miss you more. Now, listen carefully."

When, quite a long time afterward, Hugh left the office, he tried to tell his girl friend goodbye, and how sorry he was. But she only "humphed" and punched her typewriter spitefully.

* * *

THE arrest and trial of Simon Shard, political dictator, extraordinary, were just two more of those amazing things that can happen before an election. It was to have been a cut-and-dried election in which Shard and his policies were to be "vindicated at the polls," and everybody said at first the arrest was a trumped-up scheme of his political enemies.

But when a jury in Federal Court found him guilty of all counts in the indictment—falsifying his income tax return, wilful conspiracy to defraud the Government and related crimes—the electorate sat up and took notice. So did Mr. Shard, when the judge fined him forty thousand dollars and sentenced him to eleven years in a Federal penitentiary.

"And if there's any appealing done," the judge said wrathfully, "you'll do it from the penitentiary."

The day after that event there were quite a number of people in Mr. Hubert Trent's reception room waiting to see him, including a Mr. Fanning, a Mr. Hugh Porter and a Mr. Samuel Quickett. Mr. Quickett had sent word in that he had just called for some information about that "Central Building mess."

"They can wait," Mr. Trent told his secretary. "Take a letter. To Mr. Gibbs of the Vigilance Life.

"Dear Gibbs: It has been quite a long time since you have honored our fair city with your presence, and I'm wondering whether you can't let a few other weighty matters slide in order to be with us next month at the dedication exercises of the Century Building. You know it never was really dedicated; the cornerstone is still bare as a baby's—well, just bare. Our people here are so grateful to your good company for generously agreeing to refinance the redemption of this property by its rightful owners, that they want you to take part in, or at least be present at, this little ceremony. Paragraph.

"It may interest you to know that we have decided to change the name of the building. The word "Century" was sort of overdone by that fair in Chicago anyhow. We are going to call it "The Simon Shard Memorial Building," and we are having carved on the cornerstone that little wisecrack of Mr. Lincoln's "You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time—but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." Paragraph

"Please wire me that you'll be with us." And oh, yes, a postscript, Miss Wells: P. S.—The complexion of the new Legislature, as I wired your last night, is overwhelmingly anti - Shard and, of course, anti-foreign-corporation tax. You remember the little matter that we discussed. There is no doubt that this very vicious law will be repealed at the next session.' That's all, Miss Wells."

'Yes, sir—and those people out there?" said Norma as she rose.

"Oh yes. Tell Fanning I want to see him. Show him in. And you take care of Mr. Porter. You're speaking to him again, aren't you?"

Norma blushed vividly. "Why, yes, sir. He said you said—"

"I said you could take the rest of the day off, and go look for a bungalow. And tell him I am, it's all right for you to marry him—those were good bonds he sold me, after all. Pass 'em back. Why—that Mr Quickett—"

"Why—that Mr Quickett—"

"Tell him I'm out for the rest of his life."

The End.

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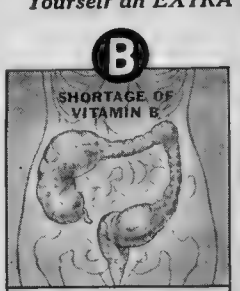
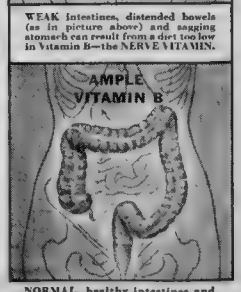
IF YOU CATCH COLD EASILY and your general resistance is low, you may be poorly supplied with Vitamin A. A lack of this vitamin can weaken linings of nose and throat, making you more susceptible to colds. Recent tests indicate a large percentage of people in this country do not get enough Vitamin A. Let Fleischmann's fresh Yeast give you an *added* daily supply of this necessary vitamin.



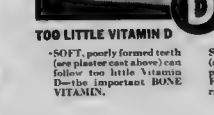
WEAK intestines, distended bowels (as in picture above) and sagging stomach can result from a diet too low in Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN.



NORMAL, healthy intestines and bowels (see above picture), steady nerves and a good digestion require an ample supply of this NERVE VITAMIN. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast helps to keep up your supply of Vitamin B. It is one of the richest known natural food sources of this vitamin.

TOO LITTLE VITAMIN G MEANS POOR GROWTH

Underweight, thin, sickly children are often found to be poorly supplied with Vitamin G—the important GROWTH VITAMIN. To aid proper development of the body tissues, rapidly growing boys and girls need a generous supply of this essential vitamin. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin G. Children from 2 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes each day.



TOO LITTLE VITAMIN D

SOFT, poorly formed teeth (see plaster cast above) can follow too little Vitamin D—the important BONE VITAMIN.

AMPLE VITAMIN D

STRONG, attractive teeth (see above picture) require plenty of Vitamin D. Fleischmann's Yeast is rich in Vitamin D.

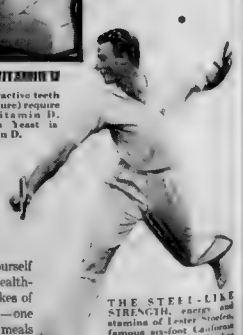
NO ONE can keep strong and healthy without a good daily supply of vitamins A, B, D and G. FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST is rich in these 4 vitamins.

Nutrition experts say that the average daily meals of many people may fail to provide enough of these vitamins to keep health up to par.

The addition of this *one food* to your regular diet assures you of a special EXTRA supply of these 4 essential vitamins combined.

Fleischmann's Yeast is the only natural food that provides you with such a rich supply of all 4 of these vitamins *at once*.

Start today to keep yourself better supplied with these health-building vitamins. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—one cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water. Order two or three days' supply from your grocer. Fleischmann's Yeast keeps perfectly in the icebox.



THE STEEL-LIKE STRENGTH, energy and stamina of Lester Stoefen, famous six-foot California Tennis Star—above he has been well supplied with all 4 of these necessary health-building vitamins—A, B, D and G.

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Knights Still Joust as in Olden Times

IT TOOK a blow on the head for the hero in Mark Twain's famous story of A Yankee in the Court of King Arthur to be taken back to the days of knighthood and chivalry, but no such stern measures are necessary for visitors to the old town of Arezzo in Tuscany. During August and September of each year knights, crossbowmen, heralds, halberdiers and squires all come to life as if stepping out of a page of historical illustrations of the Crusades. The occasion is the "Joust of the Saracen," a ceremony which dates back to the time when knights fought infidels.

During the ceremonies the town of Arezzo is divided into four quarters, Porta Crucifera, Sant' Andrea, Foro and Porta Santo Spirito. Two knights in armor are then chosen from each quarter for the jousting.

Each in turn starts from a corner of the town square and gallops full tilt up a steep incline on his horse, gripping the saddle tightly with his knees. In his hand is a lance with which he charges the "Saracen," a heavy life-size figure of wood. The wooden dummy does not take punishment without returning it, however, and that is what adds excitement to the competition.

The "Saracen" is set on a strong stake which turns on a pivot. In its right arm it holds a whip with three heavy balls attached, known as the "scourge." On its left arm is a shield divided into numbered squares. The charging knight in jousting tries to strike the center of the shield with his lance in order to make the greatest number of points, but as soon as his lance strikes the shield, the impact swings the dummy around. Hence if the knight is a bit slow or doesn't duck skillfully, he is unhorsed by a heavy blow from the scourge.

The joust is won by the quarter which furnishes the two most adept knights and the captain of the winning quarter is then presented with a lance of honor which testifies to his knightly ability.

Before the joust itself begins there is a pageant through the square similar to those which were held when knighthood was in flower. First come eight "valets" escorting the flag of the Commune, then eight trumpeters, eight drummers and eight ensigns carrying the flags of the four quarters. The knights themselves have a retinue of a squire, a master of arms and a herald apiece, and a small medieval army composed of forty-eight halberdiers, forty-eight crossbowmen and about eighty musicians and a choir singing the "Hymn of the Saracen."

Then, according to Mr. Luigi Paladini, noted Italian travel writer: "Repeated flourishes of trumpets accompany the march of the cortege adding a martial sound which combines a solemn with a joyous rhythm.

"After making an impressive round of the Square, the cortege is lined up in the center and the Master of the Field, who is gorgeously robed in an ample black mantle with gold stripes, rises on the stirrup of his horse, which is richly caparisoned in embroidered cloths and orders the Salute to the Authorities.

"The crossbowmen bend one knee to the ground, raise their bows on high and a shower of arrows decorated with the flags of the distinctive colors of each quarters rises in the air, at the same time that all the flags are twirled and dipped.

"The square is crowded and there are people everywhere, at each window and balcony of the Cofani and Lappoli palaces, and on the colonnade of Vasari, while every house is decorated with rich tapestries and flags."

While the ceremony of the Joust of the Saracen recreates the period of the Crusades, other traditional celebrations and fetes throughout Italy date back even further into antiquity.

One which goes back to the Augustan era will occur in Rome on September 23, 1937, on the occasion of the 2000th anniversary of the Emperor Augustus' birthday, when a miniature Roman Empire of 63 B.C. will be erected and which will exhibit not only world-famous art treasures, but model reproductions of buildings and entire towns as well as examples of the complex life of the Roman citizen of the period.

Nearly 2,600 models have already been completed for the event, ranging from the reproduction of the Theatre of Marcellus to a series of edifices in Roman Provence, such as the historical gate of Augustus at Nimes.

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NADINOLA Freckle Cream

If you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Proxy Princess

by Clinton Lowndes

(Continued from Page 23)

"I'll blow your brains out."

Corinne was conscious, in a moment of fantastic action, that a second man had jerked open the other rear door of the car and had sprung in alongside her, snarling to the driver:

"Give it all you got, Jack!"

Corinne, who at first had been too breathless with fright to scream, found her voice and cried out, "Help, help!" as the car shot forward.

The driver sounded a raucous horn to drown her cries, and one of her captors clapped a hand over her mouth.

"All right, sister," he hissed, "if you're gonna pull that kind of stuff we'll have to gag you. Where's the corn-cob, Mike?"

The other man was busy running up the windows of the car. "Oh, let her yell," he snapped. "Nobody's gonna hear her. We're out in the country now."

"We got orders not to hurt you," croaked the man with whom Corinne was struggling. "I don't want to tie you up and slap a gag in your mouth—but if I got to—"

The shadowy form called Mike produced a corn-cob from his pocket and rolled a handkerchief tightly around it. There was a stout length of cord attached to each end of it. "All right, give her the bit, Joe."

"Hold her hands, will you?" snarled Joe.

Corinne ceased resisting. "Don't put that in my mouth. I won't scream—I promise. I won't make a sound!"

"All right, then," growled Joe, releasing her. "That's more like it. Might as well be sensible about this—ain't nobody gonna hurt you."

"Where—are you taking me?" asked the frantic girl.

"Oh, just for a little ride out in the country—nothing to worry about. Fellow wants to see you, that's all—old friend of yours you ain't seen for a long time."

"Who?" demanded Corinne, in fright and indignation. "Who is doing this? What does he want? Where are you taking me?"

"I don't know who the man is who has been following us everywhere," Said Eunice, "but I intend to find out."

"Now that would be telling, wouldn't it?" drawled Joe malevolently.

"Shut up talking to her," commanded the man called Mike. "She'll find out soon enough where we're taking her. Stick that rod in her ribs whenever we pass a car—and if she opens her trap, pull the trigger."

"I got it in her ribs now," retorted Joe, with entire accuracy, for Corinne felt the muzzle of his automatic continuously at her side. "If you yell and get us in trouble, sister," he explained callously, "we'll have to kill you in self-defense, see? But we don't want to hurt you at all—that ain't the idea."

Corinne shivered, but controlled her voice with an effort. "Is it money you're after?" she asked coldly.

"Well, there ain't much money in it for us, but the Big-Shot—"

"Shut up," shouted his companion viciously. "You've talked too much already."

"All right," grumbled Joe, "but there ain't no way to keep a woman from talkin' without gaggin' her or knockin' her on the head."

"You'll pay for this," cried Corinne. "Driver," she called out in quavering command, "you turn this car around and take me back to town, this minute!"

The driver made no reply and did not turn his head.

"Guess we'll have to use that corn-cob after all," said Joe regretfully. "She ain't gonna behave."

"I was simply giving you your last chance." Corinne tried hard to make her tone scornful and defiant. "I'm not going to scream or try to get away. I'm not afraid of you."

"Naw—you're a pretty game gal."

"Quit talking to her, you sap," hissed Mike again, "or get up there in front and let me handle her."

"She's all right now," said Joe. "In fact, me and her's gettin' to be buddies, right along."

Corinne was silent. She peered anxiously into the darkness, hoping to discern some landmark by which she could tell, later, where she was being taken. But that was a futile hope. The car lamps showed only the swiftly-recurring curves and steep grades of a mountain roadway, over which they were rushing at perilous speed.

The night was cloudy and utterly dark, and there was nothing visible ten feet beside the pathway of the headlights. The dashboard lights had been extinguished, and she could see only dimly the features of the men who held her prisoner. The car was going at least sixty miles an hour, slowing up for curves at a careening fifty.

They went at breakneck speed through a small town and past two filling-stations, but before they had come to them, the man called Mike had pulled down the rear curtains of the car and had tied a handkerchief over Corinne's eyes.

"Well, what do you want?" he growled, when she protested bitterly. "Want me to knock you cold and leave you on the floor of the car?"

"You'll pay for this!" she vowed, beginning to cry.

"Aw, now, don't take on like that about it," urged the bandit addressed as Joe. "We're doin' all we can for you, lady. In an hour or so we'll be off on a road where we won't have to blindfold you. Ain't no use to cry about it. We ain't gonna hurt you."

Something in his voice gave her reassurance. It was not the voice of a conscienceless city gangster, but had something friendly and rural about it, even though he had tried to assume very ugly tones when threatening her.

The man called Mike, judging from his voice, seemed an entirely different type. He talked with a swagger, out of the corner of his mouth, in a crisp manner which "wise" crooks of the city affect. He seemed to consider himself superior to Joe in rank and experience, as indicated by the orders he assumed to give.

Corinne guessed vaguely that the gunman called Joe was a native product of Nevada, while the other seemed an imported crook. He had been hired, probably, and the chauffeur as well, because of familiarity with local conditions. The driver unquestionably knew just where he was going, and was going there without reference to road-maps or sign-posts.

These thoughts and a legion of others flashed through Corinne's mind as they tore mile-after-mile through a plateau region that followed the mountainous stretch. They passed approaching cars with a swift, sharp whine and a thudding impact of air. Corinne was tempted, as each of these cars came along, to emit a sharp scream for help when it passed, but she knew it would be useless.

It would only bring harsher treatment upon her from her captors, and would serve no purpose. Before one of these speeding cars could stop and turn around to pursue them—if any hurried motorist could be so kind or incautious because he had heard a woman scream—the powerful automobile in which she was a prisoner would have been miles away.

They passed cars, at intervals, that were going in the same direction and going almost as fast, but the chauffeur jabbed at his throttle and soon spurted far ahead.

In futile desperation, Corinne pondered plans for escape, when they stopped, as they might stop sometime, for gasoline.

She thought of the crowd that would have been waiting, long before this, for her appearance in the theatre at Reno. She pictured the panic of Zip Carter and Eunice and the others when they discovered that she had vanished.

(Continued on Page 26)

Will your scalp stand the "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

There are two common kinds of dandruff. The dry flaky kind that whitens your coat collar, and the oily, clinging variety that shows up in the "fingernail test." This latter type is more common and may be more serious. It is often a symptom of seborrheic eczema, common scalp infection blamed for 7 out of 10 cases of premature baldness!

Don't take chances. Thousands have this infection without knowing it. Use Wildroot! Its time-tested formula loosens the encrusted dandruff resulting from this condition, thus retarding the approach of premature baldness. Itching stops, scalp feels refreshed, hair stays naturally in place without that slicked-down look. Don't let this threat of premature baldness get a head start! Get Wildroot Hair Tonic at your druggist today! Professional applications at barbers. For clean, attractive, dandruff-free hair, enjoy a stimulating half-minute Wildroot rub each morning, and use Wildroot Instant Shampoo once a week. Money back if not 100% satisfied. Wildroot Co., Buffalo, N. Y. and Fort Erie, Ont.

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WILDROOT Hair Tonic

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I elect Doris"

"Why should I? Anne's the one"

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day,* in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—*after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum doesn't prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

There's no age limit on ROMANCE

for the woman with a fresh, lovely skin

Strengthen your SKIN'S DEFENSES

with this COMPLETE CREAM *patterned on natural skin oils!*

When your Skin's Defenses begin to weaken, then flaws begin to develop. Give your skin the means by which it can defend itself against invading blemishes.

NOTHING beckons to Romance like a fresh lovely skin. For it is a symbol of youth . . . But it is a symbol you may retain long after youth itself is past. You can help keep Time from putting its stamp on your skin with coarsening texture, large pores, deepening lines, crepiness, dry scaly roughness.

When these flaws start to appear, it means that your skin's natural defenses are weakening. Your skin is suffering from lack of the oils with which Nature once kept it smooth and firm and fresh. Circulation of the blood, carrying nourishment and removing waste, is slowing down.

These defenses must be made more active again. You must help Nature out and do it for yourself.

But it is easy to make mistakes in doing this. So many women spend time and money doing the wrong thing, and find themselves no better off than if they had done nothing at all.

You need no high-priced beauty treatments. No series of creams, one after the other, each for a different purpose.

What you need is very simple—*one complete cream which is patterned on natural skin oils.*

And you have this in Ingram's Milkweed Cream!

This cream, complete in itself, helps do for your skin what Nature once did so generously. It supplies precious oils, which like Nature's own skin oils, help to keep your skin soft and supple. And, by gently massaging it into the skin, the slow circulation is stimulated, and your skin becomes firmer, younger-looking.

This simple method is the one many of Hollywood's fairest stars follow. "We don't experiment," they say. "We use only Ingram's Milkweed Cream because it is all we need—it is complete and patterned on natural skin oils."

Try this method for your skin. Pat some Ingram's Milkweed Cream in at night, always with the upward and outward stroke. Do it regularly—and your reward will be a smoother, fresher, lovelier skin!

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MILKWEED CREAM

A TREATMENT CREAM, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE

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FARR'S for GRAY HAIR

FARR'S, used with perfect confidence, leaves your hair soft, lustrous, NATURAL and youthful in appearance. Easy as a manicure in hygienic privacy of home; odorless, greaseless; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. $1.35. Sold Everywhere.

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IT'S FUN TO GO OUT AGAIN. CUTICURA CERTAINLY HELPED CLEAR MY SKIN
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SOAP AND OINTMENT

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly — there's no other magazine like it.

Preserving Our Native Dishes

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

A FEW weeks ago the writer attended a novel banquet given by the members of a society pledged to promote higher standards in food and to encourage the art of gracious dining. About one hundred and sixty distinguished guests were present, and among the speakers was a noted Chinese philosopher.

Since the society's chief aim is to further the appreciation of quality, flavor and seasoning in cooking, the speakers naturally turned to special viewpoints on food subjects. The learned doctor of philosophy wittily discussed the close relation of foods and world peace, and then went on to describe some of the fine points of his native cooking, which has been renowned for centuries.

In substance, his remarks were about as follows: "If all countries ate the same foods, they would all like each other. Why do the French dislike the Germans? Because they dislike sauerkraut and have no relish for it. On the other hand, why does the rich American lady shy with such emotion, 'Oh, how I adore France!'? Is it not perhaps that she also adores the delicious cup of chocolate and the new-moon-shaped pastry, 'croissants,' which are inseparable from the Parisian breakfast?

"The more that foods of other lands are enjoyed in the United States, the more you will have a friendly feeling toward the people of those lands. Is it not macaroni, as much as Mussolini, which continues amicable relations between Americans and Italy? The reason why Americans have such a tolerant attitude toward so many foreign nations is, in my opinion, because you enjoy the cooking of these nations, as witness your fondness for chow mein, spaghetti, and other foreign dishes which are rapidly being assimilated into the American menu.

"Also in my country," the speaker continued, "we have all kinds of dishes, each special to its locality. There is the North China diet, with many noodles. That is the section from which come our philosophers, for," he added with a sly smile, "noodles are very quiet contemplative food. Then we have the vegetable diet of South China, and so on, each small section, often each village, being noted for its food specialty. And these dishes are not new, not at all, for they have been used and perfected for centuries, and thus we know that they are best, and do not rush off to find new foods and new dishes.

"In this point, I see that your country differs from mine. Your cooks and your housewives seem always so eager to try new dishes. But we prefer the old, the traditional dishes. And they must be made just so, exactly so, and not the slightest detail may be changed. And alas for that host at whose table these dishes are not well or strictly prepared! As you know, the Chinese are very frank, and if the dishes are not prepared in the perfect manner, the guests pull their chairs away from the table, and tell the host that the dish is poor and that they do not like it. This makes for excellent and careful following of exact recipes, and causes them to be cherished and handed down generation after generation."

Much more indeed of this delightful and witty talk fascinated the audience, but let us take the philosopher's thought as our leading idea for the day: that traditional regional dishes be cherished.

We, too, have many sections, districts and regions, and each has or did have fine distinctive regional cookery. The States of Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, etc., gave us the famed sea foods, the crab cakes, the Baltimore oyster dishes, the Virginia ham, and a long list of gastronomic specialties famous from Colonial days.

New England, of course, was likewise noted for her fine standards of cooking—the chowders, fish, clam fritters, the breads, pies and preserved and pickled relishes of unusual quality and flavor. Pennsylvania starred with her "Pennsylvania Dutch" native dishes, while from the deep South came shrimp, gumbo and pecan recipes and cooking secrets second to none, with all the fine culinary tradition of proud New Orleans in the vanguard. Far Western States and those of the Middle West have produced their own excellent dishes.

But that, alas, was in the good old days. Where are the dishes of yesteryear? Where are the fine substantial meat pies, the stews, the breads made with buttermilk, the apple pan dowdy and the other desserts, preserves, jams and relishes familiar to the best housewives of another era? Are they served in the local hotel or inn? Are they to be found in the home, made by mother or daughter? Any traveler will bear witness that no meals are more tragic than those of the average small town hotel, which prides itself on a third-rate imitation of what it believes to be French cuisine.

Now it is self-evident that no regional cuisine or traditional dish may exist when unappreciated or unless practiced and demanded by the visitor or guest. If the traveler is satisfied with potatoes covered in a good imitation of library paste, if he does not complain at over-done meats and waterlogged vegetables, there will soon be no vestige of regional fare.

Yet that is precisely what is happening in a hundred, yes a hundred thousand small towns the country over. Go to Pennsylvania, where you have the right to expect the hearty excellent fare of old Pennsylvania with its "seven sweets and seven sours" and its sho-fly pie, and you are quite probably offered hamburgs and store pastry. Or go to any other State and try to get good old-fashioned and traditional food specialties in small towns. Just try to get them!

The situation in the fast disappearance of regional dishes is quite similar to that which existed in regard to furniture and furnishings. About sixty years ago, the simple or middle class home was the possessor of real wooden beds, made with wooden pins or dovetailing, hooked mats and all kinds of hand-made or craft-made belongings. But they threw out the wood bed and bought a brass bed or an iron one. Or they took to the barn the rockers, hassocks, lusterware, sandwich glass, etc., and bought cheap, garish and ugly imitations of what?

Only in the past ten years or so have the traditional native furnishings become appreciated, and thus risen in value. So, here and there in some off-the-main-line town or other, some food specialty may still be made as it was made a hundred years ago. And when the public finds it out they cut a wide path to that door.

However, the conservation of original, native recipes may be done only in the home, by being well-made in each generation, and thus handed down from mother to daughter. There is nothing the matter with new recipes, if we still preserve and cherish the old.

But not many of the new dishes equal in flavor and savor and economy the traditional ones which long race or group heritage have made their own. An ice-box cake is a glamourous dessert, but even if you do make it, don't fail to make, and make well, a pound cake of even, creamy texture, an apple strudel as flaky as tissue paper, or beaten biscuits, those small balls of dry and powdery deliciousness.

A broiled steak may not be surpassed, but where is the skill which is able to take a cheap cut of beef or mutton, a few potatoes and carrots, and so blend them together that they make a mouth-watering Irish stew? Where are the chicken gumbo, the shrimp gumbo, the crab or clam chowders over which guests linger, as if over rare wines?

To have the skill to make a traditional dish to perfection, that is real art, and such cookery should not be forgotten, but passed on to the housekeepers of this new day. In England, in France, and elsewhere, each little inn or hostelry is famed for some one dish—the 'specialite de la maison'—the dish of the house. And to taste that dish travelers go miles, or even days, just to be able to partake of such a gastronomic delight.

So too, this Summer, while we motor here or travel there, let us seek out the specialty of our inns and our hotels, and demand that regional cookery be appreciated and retained. Best of all, let us, the cooks and housekeepers of the nation, see to it that we practice the old recipes as well as search the new, for in so doing we shall keep our menus rich in native food traditions.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted English Muffins, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Fruit Cup, Vegetable Salad, Walnut Dressing, Ice-Box Rolls, Spice Squares with Lemon Sauce, Tea. *Dinner* Curry of Left-Over Meat with Rice, Baked Stuffed Carrots, Raw Cauliflower Salad, Chives Dressing, Strawberry Shortcake.	*Breakfast* Green Apple Sauce, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Cornmeal Waffles, Coffee. *Luncheon* Surprise Egg Loaf, Chiffonade Green Salad, Salad Dressing, Swedish Bread, Coffee Milkshake. *Dinner* Bean Soup, Steamed Salmon, Potato Souffle, Dandelion Greens, Jellied Tomato Salad, Tarragon Dressing, Checkerboard Upside-Down Cake.	*Breakfast* Canned Peaches, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Blueberry Muffins, Coffee. *Luncheon* Fish Chowder, Crackers, Vegetable Platter, Cheese Popovers, Steamed Date Rolls, Silver Sauce. *Dinner* Tomato Cocktail, Veal Loaf, Potatoes au Gratin, Spinach and Cabbage Salad, Salad Dressing, Banana and Rhubarb Surprise, Lace Cookies.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit and Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Salt Codfish on Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Cornbread Shortcake, Chinese Cabbage Salad, Caramel Pudding, Tea. *Dinner* Assorted Hors d'Oeuvres, Calf or Chicken Liver Omelet, Green Peas, Parsley Potato Balls, Swedish Bread, Swedish Pancakes with Currant Jelly, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Pineapple, Cereal, Goldenrod Eggs, Toast, Milk or Coffee. *Luncheon* Tomato Cheese Casserole, Vegetable Salad, Celery Seed Dressing, Prune Muffins, Tea. *Dinner* Three Fruits Cocktail, Baked Fish with Lemon Butter, Steamed Spinach with Baby Beet Garnish, Cucumber Salad, Favorite French Dressing, Fresh Strawberry Tarts.	*Breakfast* Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Green Corn Pancakes, Coffee. *Luncheon* Emergency Soup (Left-Overs), Baked Stuffed Eggplant, Spring Fruit Salad, Sour Cream Dressing, Cheese Straws, Tea. *Dinner* Meat and Fruit Grill, Green String-Beans, Green Salad with Lemon Dressing, Hot Currant Cup Cakes with Cream Sauce.	*Breakfast* Grapejuice, Poached Eggs, Toasted Rolls, Coffee. *Dinner (Russian)* Stuffed Eggs, Caviar Canapes, Beet Soup, Russian Pastries, Roast Fowl with Sour Cream Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Green Bouquet Salad with Russian Dressing, Russian Fruit Parfait, Russian Cakes and Cookies, Demi-Tasse. *Supper* Tomato Sandwiches, Chocolate Cup Cakes, Milkshake.

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FALSE TEETH Tightener
A SCIENTIFIC POWDER
Complete SATISFACTION for ½ the PRICE!
Giant Size 39¢ AT DRUG STORES
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Send Post Card for FREE SAMPLE
FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., Troy 8, Albany 8, N. Y.

INGROWN NAIL
SAFE INSTANT RELIEF!

A few drops of Dr. Scholl's Onixol in the crevice quickly relieves pain and irritation of ingrown toe nail. Hardens the corn, helps reduce inflammation; aids in preventing infection. Sold at drug, shoe and department stores. 50¢ bottle.
Dr Scholl's ONIXOL

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

HEALTH WANTED

the intestinal muscles strong and active.

BUSINESS GIRL, 29, with little time for exercise, is looking for an effective aid in overcoming habitual constipation. No harsh cathartics need apply.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, 38, fond of rich, "over-refined" foods, finds that constipation has become chronic. Wishes to regain youthful regularity.

HOUSEWIFE, 47, has suffered for many years from habitual constipation. Looking for a laxative that comes as close as possible to inducing natural action.

Health for you—let Saráka help strengthen your intestinal muscles

OF COURSE, those Health Wanted ads are imaginary. But doesn't one of them come close to your own *constipation problem?*

Take the business girl *with little time for exercise.* Lots of us drift into habitual constipation partly because we can't—or won't—get the right exercise. Our intestinal muscles become weak and flabby. Saráka* helps correct that condition. Saráka gives intestinal muscles the exercise they need—*internal exercise.*

The principal ingredient in Saráka is bassorin, sap of an East Indian tree, in the form of tiny granules. Inside the intestines, these granules (you will find them easy and pleasant to take) absorb water. Gradually they expand. They turn into soft, smooth BULK.

*Bulk Plus Motility**

You know the value of bulk. It exercises your intestinal muscles—and you realize how swimming and golf exercise your body. This "exercising action" of Saráka encourages the intestinal muscles to do their appointed task *thoroughly.* The results are not violent. Most people recall their healthy youth when chronic constipation was never thought of.

Frequently something more than bulk is necessary so Saráka contains a specially prepared frangula which mildly stimulates the intestines. This gives you Bulk Plus Motility—a combination which helps explain Saráka's wide acceptance.

Before changing to a new laxative, we suggest that you consult that trusted counselor—your family physician. Ask him about Saráka. Your druggist carries Saráka in three different sizes. Save money by asking for the new "Hospital Size." Or mail the coupon today for a free trial size tin.

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Sign below for a free trial-size tin of Saráka. Offer good only in U.S.A. and Canada.

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AVOID IMITATIONS—MAKE SURE YOU GET GENUINE SARÁKA

Proxy Princess by Clinton Lowndes

(Continued from Page 25)

They had notified the police by now, no doubt, had taken steps to pursue her kidnappers, to head them off by telephoning towns all around, on all the roads.

Or would they think, considered Corinne with a sinking heart, that she had gone off voluntarily, that she had deserted them as she had threatened to do earlier, under stress of the unhappy conditions that had arisen?

If only she could get word to them—if only she could scribble a message and drop it out of the car window—but that was utterly impossible. She had no paper, she had no pencil; she would not have been permitted to use them if she had.

She persuaded Joe to let her take off the handkerchief—it was tight, and she had a headache.

"Well, we ain't goin' much farther now," said the bandit Joe, commiseratingly. "Just a matter of a hour or so, and you'll be in a good, comfortable place. Swell place, as a matter of fact."

Corinne sighed and said nothing more, but her fingers worked unseen, under her hat, with the clasp of the small handbag she carried. She had recalled with a start that she had carefully folded and saved the note, supposedly from Carter, which the chauffeur had delivered to her.

It was a trick born of her experience as Mr. Thornton's secretary, back in New York. He had cautioned her never to throw away any scrap of correspondence, no matter how trivial; even the inter-office memoranda, had to be scrupulously filed away. And she had saved and "filed" the fraudulent message from Carter, in her handbag.

Her fingers found this bit of paper and silently, with infinite care and patience, she folded and refolded it. Then she tucked it within a crevice inside her crushable felt hat, and this she soundlessly folded and refolded also, until it was a compact, small missile which she could hold in the palm of her hand.

She scanned the road ahead. At the next right curve, as the car swerved sharply around, she would lurch forward and sidewise and toss her hat out of the window at the chauffeur's side—the only window of the car which now was open. There was a scant chance that she could do this, in the semi-darkness, without being detected.

But the chauffeur, releasing his gas pedal and unexpectedly putting on brakes, called back:

"Better cover her eyes again now, Mike."

There were lights ahead.

Corinne gave a cry of impatience and jerked forward out of her seat between the two men.

"No—don't—you shan't—you shan't do it!" she protested violently, and lurched forward toward the front seat. "You shan't put that dirty handkerchief around my eyes again—"

Somehow she was confident that her neighbor Joe would not shoot her, and he did not. Both men took hold of her with an iron grasp and returned her to her seat—but not before she had tossed out of the window, unnoticed, her folded hat.

She submitted without further struggle to being blindfolded, crying, "You brutes — you cowards!"

"It's all right, sister," Joe assured her cheerfully. "Won't be for long—just another fillin'-station or somep'n down the road."

There was a service station, and not far beyond there was a fork in the road.

The driver had moderated his speed considerably as he turned into it, to the right, and Corinne heard the crunch of the tires on chert and gravel. They had turned off the paved highway. She had thrown out her message just in the nick of time, almost at the fork of the roads. She prayed that it had not been blown against the car, that it would be picked up in the road, and the "Dear Miss Lind" of the message would be as eloquent as a cry for help. The whole world would know, by tomorrow, that "Anna Lind" had been kidnaped.

Corinne endured, almost complacently, another hour of travel. The handkerchief had been removed from her eyes, but there was scarcely more to be seen without it. They were going comparatively slowly, over a hilly and winding road. Evidently her captors believed they were safe from pursuit now, and that they did not have to travel at dangerous speed.

They came presently to a more open terrain, with fewer hills and curves, and soon the car was brought to a stop. An iron gate barred the road—a decorative double gate, quite high, depending from pillars of field stones.

"I'll open it," said the man called Mike, swinging from the car.

As he stepped into the glare of the headlights, Corinne saw that he had tied a handkerchief over his face, concealing all but his eyes.

The bandit called Joe had done likewise.

"Well, we're home, lady," he said cheerfully to Corinne.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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ANSWERING YOUR QUESTIONS

Norforms are small, convenient, antiseptic suppositories completely ready for use. They require no awkward apparatus for application. They leave no lingering antiseptic smell around the room or about your person. They are dainty and feminine, soothing and deodorizing. Many women use them for this deodorizing effect alone.

NORFORMS are the satisfying answer to woman's most intimate personal problem. They are soothing and deodorizing as well as antiseptic, and nothing could be easier to use.

These antiseptic suppositories melt at internal body temperature, and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours.

A distinctive and exclusive feature of Norforms is their concentrated content of *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. *Parahydrecin* kills germs, yet Norforms are non-irritating—actually soothing. There is no danger of an "overdose" or "burn."

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.

NORFORMS
Known to Physicians as Vaginforms

CORNS COME BACK BIGGER—UGLIER UNLESS REMOVED "ROOT" AND ALL

PARING corns at home is not only old-fashioned and ineffective, it is actually dangerous. It means the risk of infection—even blood-poisoning and it won't get rid of the corn. For corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever unless removed Root and All.

Dollke thousands who have ended their corn for good with the new, easy, double-action Blue-Jay method. Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly by removing pressure, then in 3 days, the corn lifts out Root and All. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.)

The Blue-Jay method is the easiest, surest, safest! Blue-Jay is a ready medicated plaster, held snugly in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Can't stick to stockings. Easy to use. Doesn't make shoes tight. Get Blue-Jay today and end dangerous home methods. 25c for 6 at all druggists.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells next the toe is lifted and pushed out. If left, may cause an extra pain for pressure between toes.

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Giant Size 39¢ AT DRUG STORES
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Dress Up Your Spring Menus With Salad

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

DOES it look good? Does it taste good? Do the plates come back for second servings? Does your food have the appeal that distinguishes good food from "just something to eat"? Is your food decorative and flavorful? All these factors help to make meals interesting and "different" and stimulate appetite and promote good digestion.

I know of nothing that can add zest and charm to a meal so quickly as an ice-cold crisp salad served with an appropriate dressing. Lemon, orange and grapefruit juices provide natural acids that give a piquant delicacy of flavor to a Springtime salad. Not only are they delicious in the dressing but they make excellent marinades that keep apples, bananas, pears, avocados, etc., from discoloring. Just as soon as such fruits are cut they should be sprinkled with the citrus fruit marinade.

A good salad must be cold, the greens must be crisp and dry, the salad should be moist but not watery or soupy, and it must be well seasoned. The salad plates must be cold and the salad itself must be attractively arranged. It is easy to vary the salad greens at this time of year. Use lettuce as often as you like but vary the salad by using chicory, watercress, romaine, endive, corn salad, young dandelions, cabbage, celery, sorrel, young mustard, mint, etc. Vary the dressing as often as you like.

French Dressing.

MIX 1 cup salad oil, ½ cup vinegar or lemon juice, ½ tablespoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper in a glass jar and shake until well emulsified each time before using. Keep in refrigerator.

Spanish Dressing.

MIX ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon onion juice, ¼ teaspoon pepper and 1 tablespoon tomato catsup. Add 1½ tablespoons vinegar slowly and then beat in 4 tablespoons salad oil, a little at a time. Serve immediately.

Mayonnaise Dressing.

MIX 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, ½ teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar, 3 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 tablespoons vinegar. Beat well. Add 1½ to 2 cups salad oil gradually, beating constantly. When very stiff, add 2 tablespoons boiling water and beat until smooth.

Cooked Dressing.

MIX 3 or 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, a few grains paprika and 2 tablespoons flour. Add 4 egg yolks and mix well. Add ½ cup water and ½ cup vinegar and cook over hot water, stirring constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 3 tablespoons butter and beat well. Chill. Add a cup of sweet or sour cream, plain or whipped, if desired.

French Dressing Variations.

TO a good French dressing made with ½ cup salad oil and about 4 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar, add 1 teaspoon powdered sugar, ⅔ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon mustard, a few grains pepper, and a little paprika. Then vary, as desired, by adding any of the following: ½ teaspoon finely-chopped green pepper, ½ teaspoon minced parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped olives, 2 tablespoons minced pickles, 2 tablespoons chopped celery, 1 tablespoon tomato catsup, 2 tablespoons chopped hard-cooked egg, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 4 tablespoons crumbled Roquefort cheese, 3 or 4 tablespoons finely-chopped chutney, a chopped ripe tomato, 2 or 3 tablespoons grated fresh cucumber, a few drops of Tabasco sauce, 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce or 1 tablespoon finely-chopped pimiento.

Roquefort Dressing.

BEAT ¼ cup Roquefort cheese until creamy, gradually adding ¼ cup salad oil, a few grains paprika, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Beat in 2 tablespoons vinegar and serve immediately.

Cream French Dressing.

MIX ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 tablespoons salad oil and blend well. Add 3 tablespoons thick cream and serve immediately.

Chutney Dressing.

MIX ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar and 4 tablespoons salad oil and blend well. Add ⅔ cup chutney and serve.

Savory Dressing.

MIX 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon onion juice and 6 tablespoons salad oil in a small glass jar. Shake until well blended before using.

Celery Seed Dressing.

MIX 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 grated onion, 1 cup salad oil and ⅔ cup sugar and beat vigorously. Add ½ cup vinegar slowly. Add 1 tablespoon celery seed.

Thousand Island Dressing.

TO 1 cup mayonnaise add 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 1 tablespoon minced green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped stuffed olives and 2 tablespoons chili sauce.

Sour Cream Dressing.

HAVE ready ½ cup fresh sour cream. Beat or not, as desired. Add 3 tablespoons mild vinegar, 1 teaspoon powdered sugar, a few grains pepper and 1 teaspoon salt. Serve with green vegetable salad.

Cooked Mayonnaise.

INTO a mixing bowl turn the following ingredients but do not beat them: 2 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon mustard, ½ teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup salad oil and pepper to taste. Melt 2 tablespoon butter, add ½ cup flour and blend well. Add 1 cup water and stir constantly until creamy and thick. Pour onto the egg yolk mixture, beating constantly with egg-beater. Keep in refrigerator until time to serve. Add ¼ cup cream, beaten until stiff, if desired.

Vegetable Bridge Luncheon (By Request).

HAVE pale green linen cloth on table. Use white china and clear crystal or green glasses. On each white china plate arrange a steamed French artichoke, a slice of crisp Chinese cabbage, a stalk of French endive, heart lettuce and crisp watercress. Garnish with crisp radish roses or slices of cucumber. Serve with a well-seasoned French or salad dressing. Swedish bread and Roquefort cheese and hot coffee.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3505 — TRIM YOUR FAVORITE RUN-ABOUT FROCK WITH BUTTONS DOWN THE BACK IF YOU'D LOOK AS SMART GOING AS COMING. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 35-inch fabric.

Pattern 3644 — DRESS FOR EARLY TEATIME IS A LOVELY FLARED FROCK THAT WILL TAKE YOU HAPPILY TO A ROUND OF SOCIAL ACTIVITIES. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3645—PRETTY AS A PICTURE IS THE SLIMMING PORCH AND GARDEN FROCK THAT BUTTONS DOWN THE FRONT AND WEARS RICRAC FOR TRIM. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 16 requires 4½ yards 35-inch fabric and 2⅝ yards ric-rac.

Pattern 3621 — THE TOT 'TWIXT TWO AND TEN WILL LOOK ANGELIC IN A FROCK OF SHEER SWISS, WITH WING-LIKE SLEEVES AND DEMURE BOWS. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

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AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Requested Dressing Recipes.

Honey Salad Dressing.

BEAT 4 egg yolks thoroughly, and add ½ cup boiling hot honey, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Cook over hot water until egg is set, beating constantly. Fold in ½ cup salad oil, the juice of 1 lemon, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and 1 cup sweet or sour cream, beaten stiff.

Tea-Room Dressing.

IN a glass jar mix 2 tablespoons finely-chopped red pepper, 1 teaspoon minced shallot, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, a few grains paprika, 2 tablespoons parsley (if you like it), 5 tablespoons salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar and 2 finely-chopped hard-cooked eggs. Shake well and serve immediately.

Lose pounds AS MARION TALLEY DID

Marion Talley *(left)* as she appeared ten years ago when making her sensational debut in Metropolitan Opera.

Marion Talley *(right)* as she is today—movie and radio star—slender, glamorous, younger-looking than ever.
Are you too plump? Do you look in the mirror and wish you could get rid of those bulges? Do you try on the new snug-fitting dresses only to discover that they were designed for slimmer figures than yours? Then take a tip from this famous young woman.
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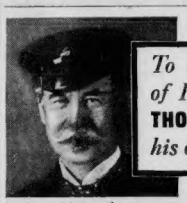
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3 Accessory shelf in upper position, making room in the bottom of the food compartment for a large supply of milk, in addition to several tall beverage bottles. These interior arrangements (including main illustration) show only four of the nine possible combinations in most of the Norge Deluxe and Low-Temp Refrigerators.

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